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THE MOTHER'S LIFE.

BY J. A. M.

The mother's life is full of prose,
From early dawn to daylight's close,
But oft amid her household cares,
Some little poem unawares
Is written down within her heart,
And of her life becomes a part.

Some loving words a child may say,
A golden curl long put away,
A half worn shoe upon the floor,
An outgrown dress the baby wore,
A broken toy or faded flower,
May touch the heart-strings any hour.

SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL'S MISTAKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"WE shall have ugly weather to night," I fear," said Dick Beresford, as he entered the old-fashioned porch of Penfern House and found his father looking across the garden and the moor beyond to the sun, going to its rest beyond the dull leaden-colored sea, where a great bar of angry purple clouds overhung the orange sky "The wind is rising rapidly, and already beginning to blow great guns"

"I am afraid we shall," said Mr. Beresford, as he shivered at a sudden squall which drove the thick rain under the old stone porch. "Are you very wet, Dick?"

"Rather," laughingly answered Dick, shaking himself like a huge Newfoundland "I hope I have not kept you waiting, father; I shall not be five minutes now."

As he spoke, the big stalwart Cornishman entered the house, passed through the low old fashioned hall, and ran up the broad oaken staircase that led to the upper regions of the old house, which had belonged to the Beresfords from time immemorial.

It was a quaint, old fashioned, rambling place, which could hardly be called a mansion, and yet which was not a farm house. It contained large, low, old oak paneled rooms in abundance, the greater number closed now, and their handsome furniture mouldy and damp and moth eaten. There were stately family pictures, too, in some of the rooms, and massive old family plate on the carved sideboard in the great dining-room, which the Beresfords, father and son, used as their common sitting-room; and not so very long before, the countryfolk in the little Cornish village on the coast, a stone's throw from Penfern, would have told a stranger that the Beresfords were great people in those parts, rich and mighty—ay, and they were great people still in the estimation of the simple fisherfolk, although they were neither rich nor mighty now; and their only claims to the respect of their fellows were the stainless name, the untarnished honor, the unswerving truth, and dauntless courage of their race.

For many hundreds of years the damp salt breeze had swept up from the sea across the dark moor on to the old dwelling-house, over which the mosses and the lichens grew freely, and which, on such a gray, wintry afternoon as this, looked just a little weather-beaten and dreary

The time to see Penfern in its glory was the spring, when the pink blossoms were coming out on the gray apple trees, the primroses peeping out from the hedgerows, the banks yellow with golden gorse, and the sea beyond was blue and smiling as if it could not be angry.

Robert Beresford and his son were the only representatives of the family now, and for many years there had been no mistress at Penfern; for Dick's mother had died in giving birth to a baby sister, who had opened her eyes on this world one fair June morning, when Dick was three years old, and had closed them again before the sun set on the long summer day. One sip of the cup of life had been too bitter for her to wish to drain it; and the golden-haired mother and her child were buried in the same grave in the little cemetery at Druroe, a mile away down the coast, which was the nearest village to Penfern.

Robert Beresford had not been a young man then, for he had almost numbered forty years when he won the love of sweet May Paisley; and, after her death he had brought no other mistress to the old homestead. He had mourned his wife with a grief as deep as it was sincere, but, when time had mellowed the fierce summer sorrow into the calmer melancholy of autumn, he had taken up his old pursuits, and had gone back to his books, for Robert Beresford was a scholar and book-worm of great erudition, to which he looked for occupation, while for the sunshine of life he looked to his son.

The motherless boy had grown into a fine bold, impetuous lad, before his father could find it in his heart to deprive himself of his company; but then he had sent him away to one of the large public schools, and given him a first-rate thorough education. He had found the benefit of it himself in this lonely neighborhood, where social advantages were few, and he intended that his son should settle down at Penfern, and bring his wife there some day.

When Dick grew to manhood, one great wish was strong upon him; he wanted to be a soldier. It had been a dream of his childish days, when the sight of a red coat would raise a storm of enthusiasm in his boyish heart; and it was a sore sacrifice for him to make when he gave up the wish in obedience to his father's entreaty, and came home for "good and all."

Dick was not a person to do things by halves. He had made the sacrifice; and having done so, no look, or word, or tone reminded his father that it had cost him a very fierce struggle to renounce his long-cherished hope, and he settled down at Penfern and to the life there as if he wished for nothing better.

After a time it became pleasant enough; Dick was fond of all kinds of outdoor exercises and amusements, hunting, fishing, shooting, and boating; but that did not prevent him from "going in" for books too; and he did his best to enter into his father's pursuits, and had succeeded already to a great degree. There was the farming on the estate too—and Dick threw himself into it heart and mind; and already, though the young man had been at home but two years, there had been a sensible increase in the revenues, and Penfern was rapidly assuming a prosperous and well to do appearance, to which, under the headship of Robert Beresford, it had long been a stranger.

Dinner was ready in the dining-room when Dick came down, having changed his wet clothes and brushed the crisply-curling dark brown hair from his broad forehead, which was a shade lighter than the bronzed hue of his face. His was by no means a very handsome face, but his father's eyes rested on it with delight, and dwelt on the bright, fearless dark eyes, the strong gleaming white teeth, and the short thick curling hair which was Dick's pride now, for he was but one and twenty, and had not until this year grown anything but his moustache. The beard became him; but it made him look considerably older than his years, and the stalwart, black-browed, bearded man opposite Robert Beresford at the dinner-table might have been thought well thirty years of age.

"I wish they had a lifeboat down at Druroe," said Dick, when dinner was over, and the servant had left the room leaving the decanters and wineglasses for Mr. Beresford where they stood unheeded for both men were temperate and abstemious. "I am always afraid of something happening on a night like this. Listen to it, father. It is blowing!"

"Yes," said the older man, giving his son a glance in which anxiety was largely mingled. He knew pretty well what his speech boded; for never a storm broke on the wild coast without Dick Beresford going down to the shore to see if he could be of any use. "We must try to do something towards it, Dick."

"I should think Charles Alford will help us when he comes into his property," remarked Dick rather restlessly rising from his chair at the table and going over to the wide old fashioned hearth, where a huge log fire was burning cheerily. The room was a very large one, and that part of it in which the dinner table stood was illumined by a wax light placed upon it; but the other half of the apartment was in shadow, and lighted only by the flickering light of the fire

"I do not think we shall have very long to wait for that, Dick," said his father quietly. "Poor Alford seems to be rapidly breaking up."

"Yes; I met Meadows to-day coming from there, and he gave me a very bad account of the old fellow. What a life his has been, father! I don't think, except poor Charlie himself, there will be anyone to regret him."

He crossed to one of the windows as he spoke, and, drawing aside the heavy crimson curtains, unfastened one of the shutters and looked out into the blackness beyond.

It was pitch dark; not a star was visible, and the rain came in sudden gusts with the wind which roared around the house and the outbuildings.

As Dick stood peering out a sudden vivid flash of lightning broke in upon the darkness, and, a few minutes after, a tremendous clap of thunder rent the air.

"I'll just run down to the shore, father; and see if there is anything going on," said Dick, closing the shutter. "Don't sit up for me because I might be late."

Robert Beresford looked at him rather wistfully.

"You won't do anything rash, Dick?" he said, pretending to speak lightly, with a depth of earnestness in his tones which touched his son.

"Rash?" he questioned gaily. "You absurd old father! Is it likely?"

He laid his hand affectionately for a moment on his father's shoulder, and their eyes met with perfect trust and mutual affection, and, while Dick went to get ready for his rough walk across the moor and clamber down the cliff, Mr. Beresford settled himself in his old leathern easy-chair and took some rare old folio, in which he was soon interested, and in which he strove to forget the war of the elements which was going on without.

Buttoning his rough pilot coat closely around him, Dick Beresford stepped from under the stone porch of Penfern House, and was greeted by a furious gust of wind and rain, which for a moment he could not help contrasting with the cosy fireside he had just left, with the red gleam of the fire, the luxurious arm chair, the soft wax lights, and the fragrant cup of black coffee. Then he set his teeth together, stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and walked swiftly and steadily down the gravel walk on to the moor.

It was very dark, but every step of the road was familiar to Dick, and about half way he turned off and crossed the moor at a right angle, which manœuvre brought him to a short cut to the beach, where a steep rough path had been cut in the almost perpendicular rocks. It was a very hazardous undertaking, such a descent on such a night; but Dick was sure footed and an agile cragsman, and he accomplished it in safety; and shortly after he was mingling with the excited groups of men and women assembled on the beach of Druroe

The sight was one awful in its magnificence, terrible in its grandeur Far out, the leaden hued waters were lined by long ranks of "white horses," with their manes flying behind them. The sea was sobbing passionately, the whole horizon upheaving and tossing The sky had a wild angry look, and there were huge masses of inky black cloud with red lurid patches of light. Little storm birds were rising and falling on the restless bosom of the waters, and the waves, as they thundered in upon the beech, were brown with seaweed.

The spray flew incessantly: a blinding, stinging shower was flying about, tossed hither and thither, while ever and again the vivid flashes of lightning showed the watchers on the beech a large ship laboring, and hoisting signs of distress.

Yes, they could see her, but they were powerless to help; even had there been the life-boat Dick Beresford so greatly wished for, it would have been of little avail, for it would have been almost impossible to have launched her in the teeth of such a wind, with such a sea. The ship had already struck and only part of her bowsprit remained.

"Can't anything be done?" said Dick hoarsely, as he joined a group of hardy fishermen.

"We've sent for the rockets, sir," answered one; "but nothing but a miracle can save them."

Dick stood as if fascinated, white as death, his lips drawn in, his teeth set, and his nails clenched into his hands. The men were silent; one had to shout to be heard above the hollow bellowing of the waves, and they were awe stricken; they knew, as did Dick, that they were looking at people in imminent—nay, almost certain—peril of their lives and though they would willingly have risked their own to save them, they were powerless.

When the lightning came again, those on shore saw that the sailors had launched one of the boats, and that a great number of persons had entered it. They had got the oars out; but had not taken a dozen strokes, when a huge sea struck it; the boat heeled over, capsized and every man in the little craft perished. A stifled groan broke from the Cornishmen, and Dick Beresford shivered as he saw the boatload of hale and gallant men swallowed up by the greedy waves.

"Good Heavens," he muttered, "this is terrible! Can nothing be done before it is too late?"

Would the rocket apparatus never come? The nearest Coastguard station was but three miles off; had there not been ample time to get there and back? Would the wreck hold together until it came?

The waves rose higher and higher, the great throbbing flood tide beat against the shivering timbers, and, just as the van which bore the rocket apparatus was seen approaching, a terrible cry rose from sea and shore, and, when the next flash of lightning came, there was nothing to be seen but the black, angry-looking devouring waves beating against the rocks—the ship was no longer there

Dick Beresford shivered, and one man standing at his side on the rough shingle saw how, for one moment, he passed his hand over his eyes to wipe away the spray; or was it tears which were blinding him as he almost staggered back? The weakness was but momentary; the next moment he had rushed down to the water's edge, where the retreating waves had left a wide restless bed of foam.

"Good Heavens," he shouted, and the clear ringing voice was heard above the roar of the storm, "there is something there! Look, Hawser! Look, Podd!"

"It is a spar! For your life's sake keep back, sir!" shouted one of the men; but heedless of the warning cry, forgetful of the lonely father in the old Cornish homestead, Dick Beresford dashed madly into the water.

"He'll find his death!" groaned Hawser. "The poor old Squire!"

There was one awful moment, as he rose upon the great roaring wave which lifted him off his feet, when it seemed as if the heavy sky was coming down to meet him as he rose, and then, with an immense exertion of strength, he managed to clutch at the floating object and cling to it, madly pressing it against his breast, while the long floating hair lashed his face

The men on the beach formed into an anxiously expectant line, waiting in breathless uneasiness. The billow curved for its thunderous fall. Dick and his burden were thrown up upon the shingle, and, before the angry water could carry out its living freight again to the treacherous sea, the waiting fishermen dashed forward and carried Dick, stunned and bewildered, out of its reach.

He was almost insensible; but, even in his exhaustion he clasped tightly the child he had risked his life to save.

It was a little girl, three or four years old, and one of the men gently removed her, unconscious as she was, from Dick's clasp, and gave her to one of the women standing by, who took the cold, still little form in her arms, and warmed it in her bosom.

In a very few minutes Dick managed to sit up, and some brandy from his own flask revived him sufficiently to stand, and, although still rather weak and shaky, to walk to the cottage to which they had carried the child—the only being saved from the wreck. The Druroe doctor was with her, using the necessary means for restoring animation.

"I should advise you to get to bed at once, Beresford," he said rather peremptorily. "I ordered my spare bed to be warmed in case of any accident, and you had better turn in at once."

"My father will be anxious," replied Dick absently; he was looking tenderly at the little waxen face, in which a faint tinge of color was appearing.

"I will send my boy over," said Doctor Meadows. "You are unfit for any more exertion to night. Walk down to my house with Mr. Beresford, will you, Hawser? I will follow you presently with the child. I say, Dick, tell my wife that you are not the only visitor she is to expect to-night."

"Do you think she will live?" whispered Dick, as he almost shamefacedly stooped to put his bearded lips to the child's white brow, and tenderly parted her golden hair as it strayed over her forehead in little damp rings.

"Live? Of course she will, thanks to Providence and to you," answered Doctor Meadows cheerily. "She is not hurt; but you could hardly expect a little frail creature like this to undergo what you could not undergo without a swoon. She'll be all right to-morrow. Poor little woman! I wonder who she is?"

"What a pretty little thing!" said Dick softly, lingering until Doctor Meadows's ire was raised and he rated him soundly for delaying; upon which Dick took Hawser's arm, and walked down the little street to the Doctor's house, which stood, as a doctor's house should stand, in the heart of the village, and there was greeted by pretty, kindly little Mrs. Meadows, who petted and even cried over him a little, and finally packed him off to bed.

"Mr. Beresford would be horrified to see you looking so exhausted," she said betwixt smiles and tears. "Dick, how could you be so rash and noble? I would scold you heartily, if I did not admire you so immensely. Go off to bed at once, or Frank will scold me to night, and Mr. Beresford will blow me up in the morning; but before you go, drink this."

Dick laughed, drank the hot mixture, kissed his hostess's soft hand, and departed, to fall asleep and dream of a little waxen, flower-like face, long lashes resting on a white cheek, a tiny rosebud mouth, and long yellow hair.

And the next morning, which dawned with brilliant sunshine, although great clouds hung in mid-air, cheery little Doctor Meadows drove over to Penfern, pulled up his strong chestnut horse at the garden gate, and there Dick Beresford got out. The two men exchanged a parting hand-clasp, and while the Doctor drove off again, Dick walked up the gravel path, holding in his strong arms a tiny, golden haired, chattering fairy, a little pale yet, but smiling frankly up into the dark eyes which met hers so kindly and tenderly.

Robert Beresford was at breakfast when his son entered the dining room. He looked up with a bright glad smile; then a look of puzzled surprise crossed his face as he saw Dick's burden.

"What have you brought me?" said his father.

"My treasure trove!" answered the young man, as he put the child into his father's arms, and the little golden head nestled against Robert's white bear. "Saved from the waters! If no one claims her, we will keep her as our own *Pater*, her name is Daisy. Her father is 'Papa dear.'"

The scholar's grave face softened.

"Daisy," he said, gently; "that is a pet name. I suppose her real name is Margaret?"

"No," said the child suddenly; "not Margaret—Marjy."

"Marjory, little one?" hazarded Mr. Beresford, and the little girl nodded and smiled brightly. "Little Marjory," said Robert Beresford tenderly, laying his hand on the sunny curls, "you must try to be happy with us until 'papa dear' comes for you."

This was how little Marjory came to Penfern House.

CHAPTER II.

SIXTEEN years had passed; quiet uneventful years had they been at Penfern House, and outwardly there was but little change in the old Cornish homestead. Summer had come again, clothing earth and hedgerows, bringing the pink blossom on the fruit trees and making the roses bloom in Marjory Beresford's garden.

Sixteen years had changed the little waif "saved from the waters" into a graceful, golden-haired girl, and she was still the sunshine of the Beresfords' home, the delight of Robert Beresford's heart; while Dick alternately lectured and petted, scolded and praised her, and did his best to counteract the *pater's* spoiling.

It would have been difficult not to spoil her, she was such a sweet, winsome, light-hearted lassie, so true and faithful and fond to those she liked; and, when Dick tried to be severe over her little impetuosities and girlish faults, one glance of the sweet pleading blue eyes—blue as violets—was sufficient to disarm his anger. And Marjy knew her power well. She knew also that she was not a daughter of the Beresfords—that the affection and tenderness so freely lavished upon her was not hers by right, but free gifts from the two generous, true-hearted men; and she repaid them with a devoted passionate love, all the more true because it found no vent in words.

For some months, as in duty bound, Robert Beresford and his son took every possible step to find the child's parents; but, as time went on and no one claimed her, they came to the natural conclusion that they had been lost in the wreck; and at the end of the twelve months, if any one of her guardians had stepped forward and claimed the wee yellow-haired lassie who trotted by Dick's side as he went his farming rounds, or rode by his horse on her tiny rough Shetland pony, it would have given him the sharpest pang of pain he had ever undergone. Ay, it would have been sharp pain then; but that would have been but a pin prick compared to the pain he suffered later through the child he had saved from the angry sea.

Not much alteration had those sixteen years made in Dick Beresford; for, if at twenty one he looked older than his years, at thirty-seven it might truly be said that he looked younger. The tall figure had gained a little in breadth, and had now the more matured grace of manhood. There was an added repose of manner, too, and his smile was a little graver and less ready than of yore, but it was as frank and sweet as ever. Time had dealt very leniently with Penfern House and its inmates; for Robert Beresford himself was still hale and strong, although he was getting a little bent under the weight of years.

At Druroe, too, the changes were few. Doctor Meadows still drove his gig and administered pills, mixtures and cheery words and smiles to his patients; his pretty kindly wife was almost as pretty, and quite as kindly, as she had been when, sixteen years before, she had packed Dick Beresford off to his repose in such a summary fashion. Old Mr. Alford at the Hall had long since gone to his rest, and Charlie Alford and his pretty young wife reigned there, and had introduced a new *regime* of hospitality, geniality, and sociability, which formed a marked contrast to the reign of their miserly eccentric predecessor.

There was a new Rector, a large-hearted, large minded man, with a family of grown sons and daughters, and they made the Rectory pleasant; so that whatever changes had taken place in the social economy of Druroe had been for the better.

It was the evening of a fair June day, and Dick Beresford had left the dining room, and was standing at the gate leading into the garden, with a straw hat pushed carelessly off his brow and a fragrant cigar between his lips. He was looking a trifle graver than was his wont; even a little annoyance might have been discerned by a close observer. He himself might have denied the imputation; but it is certain that his cigar did not seem to be quite as good as one of the same kind he had smoked that morning when he had walked down to Druroe with Marjory. It may have been that the evening was warm, and that he was tired; but as he puffed away at his Havana a little impatient sigh escaped him, followed by a half-repressed irritated thought spoken aloud.

As he stood there, the sun sent a long golden line of light down across the moor, and, coming towards him in the bright sunflood, he saw two persons—a tall slender man, with a light coat thrown over his evening dress, and a golden haired girl in a white dress, and a blue ribbon on her gypsy hat.

Dick waited a moment; then with a shrug of his broad shoulders, he turned away and sauntered up the gravel path.

There was a little dawdling—a few last words—a flower half offered, half refused, but finally given—a light, sweet laugh, which reached Dick—a parting shake of the hand—and then the tall man went back over the moor, and the girl came up the gravel path—alone.

She came up slowly, with smiling lips, but with some anxiety in her blue eyes, which met Dick's a little entreatingly.

"You are late, Marjory?" he inquired, coldly.

"Mrs. Alford kept me to dinner," she answered. "I hope you did not wait, Dick? I am sorry!"

"Another time, when you intend to remain for the evening, please give orders that you may be fetched."

"Yes"—with a little quiver of the red lip. "I did not come home alone, Dick."

"I know that. Captain Lemaine was with you, I think. Must I again remind you, Marjy, that I am always at your service when you require an escort? You know my father's wishes in the matter."

"Yes," she answered gently, as she passed him and went into the house, with all the brightness gone out of her face, leaving Dick a little vexed still, but very remorseful for the angry words which had frightened all the pretty color away.

"What a brute I am to the child!" he said impatiently to himself, as he resumed his saunter. "Poor little one, it is not so gay for her up here, but that she should like to go down and amuse herself with people young and gay like herself."

With his cigar Dick ended his perambulations, and went back to the dining room, where Robert Beresford was sitting in his old leathern chair, a book lying unheeded on the table beside him, while he listened to the gay chatter of the young girl, who had seated herself on a stool at his feet.

"Have you told Dick your wonderful news?" said his father, glancing up as Dick entered; but Marjory did not look up and pouted her red lips meaningly as she replied:

"No; Dick was cross, and snubbed me unmercifully. He does not deserve to hear it!"

"What is it?" said Dick, smiling good-humoredly. "The *pater* spoils you so, Marjy, that I have to counteract all his petting."

Marjory flashed her blue eyes up at him half saucily, half pleadingly.

"Mr. Alford is going to give a garden-party—a large party, with a dance after it," she said eagerly. "Won't it be so nice?"

"All depends," answered Dick carelessly. "'Nice,' is a very expressive epithet, Marjy; but I can never see the 'niceness' of playing croquet in the hot sun, or dancing on the grass."

"You need not play croquet," said the young girl; "and we are not going to dance on the grass."

"Where then?"

"In the house. How provoking you are, Dick!"

And Marjory jumped up impetuously, and went over to the piano, which had appeared simultaneously with Marjory's return from school; for though Mr. Beresford had educated her principally himself, she had been sent for a couple of years to a finishing school, and the girl's education was a curious mixture of ignorance and knowledge.

"What shall I play, father?" she asked, twisting herself round on the stool as she spoke.

"Mendelssohn," answered Mr. Beresford promptly, as he prepared to listen; and in a few moments the soft sweet strains of some of the matchless Songs were sending the old scholar off to sleep, and dispersing the cloud on his son's brow most effectually as he came and stood by the pretty musician.

The aspect of that room, as it was then, would have delighted an artist. The soft half lights; the massive furniture; the white-haired old man in his leathern chair; the smouldering wood fire—for summer and winter Robert Beresford liked a fire on his hearth—the dainty white-robed, golden-haired musician; the tall figure behind her; the dark bearded face with the tender light in its eyes, the half smile curling the black moustache—the whole scene looked more like some painting than the prosaic reality of everyday life that it was.

After a time Marjory leant back her golden head until it rested against Dick, and, without making any break in her dreamy melody said softly:

"Are you very angry with me, Dick?"

"Don't you think I ought to be, Marjy?"

"Not really. Belle made me stay. I had not meant to do so indeed, or I would have asked you to come for me."

"Would you dear? Was not a handsome 'swell' like Harry Lemaine a pleasanter escort than a cross old brother?"

"Dick!" she exclaimed indignantly, pressing the golden head against him, but flushing up to the roots of her hair. "What an unkind speech!"

"Unkind!"—and Dick Beresford removed the little hands from the piano, and, holding them, forced her to face him. "Was it unkind? It would be but natural if you found him so, little one."

"It would not," she said vehemently. "I could not have anyone half so pleasant as my—cross old brother."

"What a dutiful little speech!" returned Dick, smiling a little sadly at the hot cheeks and downcast eyes. "Now tell me some more about this proposed entertainment."

He dropped her hands, and threw himself into a chair. His face was in the shadow; but the light from the wax candles on the piano fell full upon the girl's animated features.

"It is to be a grand affair," said Marjory gaily. "Mrs. Alford is going to have a band from Launceston; and there is to be archery, and croquet, lawn-tennis, and Badminton, and even aunt Sally. There will be a dance afterwards in the great hall, and a supper in the dining room. And Mr. Alford has invited a lot of officers and old college friends of his, and they will stay at the Hall. Oh, Dick, won't it be delightful—my first party?"

"Again I say all depends," answered Dick, smiling at the innocent raptures. "By-the-bye, Marjy, can you dance?"

"Can I dance?" she echoed disdainfully. "Of course I can! Why, I was one of Monsieur Petipas's best pupils at Clarence House! And I like it immensely. Can you dance, Mr. Richard Beresford?"

"I am afraid not. Shall you know how to behave, little girl, and what to say when people ask you to dance?"

"Don't tease, Dick! I want to enjoy it so much; and you make me think it something so formidable."

"I hope that you will enjoy it, Marjy. I wish you could have more amusement, dear."

"Oh, Dick, I am perfectly happy as I am!" she said earnestly.

"That is well, Marjory. And yet," he added, after a pause, "it seems hard that you should be shut up here. Would you not like to see something of the great world, to go to balls and dances, theatres and concerts, and have wonderful toilets like Mrs. Alford's?"

"And drive in the park, and ride in Rotten Row, and walk down Regent street," she went on eagerly. "Yes, I should immensely, of course. It must be very pleasant to have heaps of money, and go into society, and give balls and dances—yes, and wear lovely dresses too. I should wear white satin and diamonds at the first ball, and pink silk and pearls at the second."

"What a stately little maiden it would be!" he said, smiling although a shadow lay upon his brow. "Would you not have a blue dress, Marjy? Blue is your color."

"Is it? Do you think so?" she interrupted simply. "Then I will have a blue dress for Mrs. Alford's party."

There was a short silence, which Richard Beresford broke at last.

"And so you would like to be rich, Marjy," said he slowly, "and be a gay fashionable *demoiselle*?"

"Not for that only, Dick," she replied. "One would not be quite so selfish, I hope. There are so many poor friends at Druroe I should like to help."

"You would not care for the poor people if you were a queen of fashion, Marjy."

"Should I not? And then father should have that wonderful edition of Shakspeare he wishes for."

"You would forget that wish, Marjory."

"Would I?" she said. "And you should have—— What could I give you which you have not, and which you want, Dick?"

"Many things, I am afraid, little woman," he answered half sadly.

"Are there really?" she said, with sudden gravity. "Dick, I always think you such an enviable person. You seem to have all you want."

"Do I? So much the better. I have more than I want just now in the shape of a tiresome headache."

"And I have been chattering like a magpie!" she exclaimed penitently. "I am so sorry, Dick, you shall lie down, and I will play you to sleep."

"More easily said than done, dear. Besides I have some letters I must write to-night," he answered, smiling at the eager concern in her face.

"You must not," she said. "Let me do it. Can I?"

"You can if you will; but it will tire you, Marjy. They are stupid old business letters."

"It will give me so much pleasure," she said, her eyes sparkling.

And Dick went to fetch the letters, while Marjory pulled up a great arm chair beside the writing table, and waited patiently for him.

"Now lie down there," she said, with her pretty imperious grace. "Not that way; put your head on the cushion. Yes, that is right. Are you comfortable?"

"Very. I feel quite invalided and luxurious. It is a shame to trouble you with these things, Marjy."

"Trouble! You know I like to do it for you, Dick."

"Thank you, Marjy."

He drew her down to him and touched the soft cheek with his lips, and then Marjory began the work, which was finished with all expedition.

"You would make a capital amanuensis," said Dick, as he watched the nimble little fingers as they sped rapidly over the page.

"Should I? Why do you not you employ oftener then?"

"I should be afraid of wearying you," he answered, taking the little fingers and putting them softly to his lips.

"Are you never weary?" she asked softly, catching his hand in her turn and resting her cheek upon it. "You are always busy about something; and I have nothing to do but to amuse myself all the livelong day."

"And what else should such a butterfly have to do?" he said fondly. "Just as if you were made for anything but to ornament!"

"A sort of Dresden shepherdess," she rejoined poutingly—"not half so pretty as the one you gave me on my birthday, and ever so much more trouble!"

Dick Beresford smiled. He was wondering a little dreamily what Penfern would seem without the "butterfly." He recollected how dreary the old house had seemed during her schooldays; but now, if she went, what could they do? If she went—and she must

go some day. At least, she would go some day, when the little heart would feel the wondrous happiness the wondrous pain of a true deep love, when the power of her beauty had made itself felt, as it must do whenever she "came out," if it had not done so already. And then Dick thought rather impatiently of Captain Lemaine, of the admiring hazel eyes which had so often sought Marjory's face last Sunday as she sat in the Penfern pew, which faced that appropriated to the Hall, of the smiling lips which had greeted her as they passed through the churchyard, of the softened voice and lowered tone with which he addressed her. Would it be very wonderful if he cared for Marjory, their blue eyed treasure? Would it be very wonderful if she returned his affection? Would it—— Ah, no, no! And if it should be so, could they wish for a happier fate for their home sunbeam than that she should be the wife of a man true, honorable, frank and gentle, wealthy, and gently born? If she loved him, her happiness would be safe in his keeping; but the thought of losing her, the thought that the butterfly might flutter away to fairer scenes and sweeter flowers, made Dick Beresford's heart faint. His little sister—how could he let her go? The child he had saved, who had lain in his arms as he held her against his heart—how could he give her to another's keeping? Ah, fool that he was! The girl was no kith nor kin of his; there was not the slightest relationship between them. He forgot that in this familiar intercourse, which was sweeter to him than he knew Had they met now in their manhood and womanhood, there could be no impediment to their union as man and wife. Dick knew that the thought of losing her was almost unbearable agony; but he never paused to analyze what made it so.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Bridal Veil.

BY B. E. B.

A PRETTY, dark eyed girl began to work it, whose lover was over the sea. She was a French girl, and came of a family of lace makers.

"I'll work my own bridal veil, in my leisure time," she said. "So, when Walter comes to marry me I shall be a gay bride."

But she never finished the veil. Walter came too soon. She married her lover—as poor as herself—and went with him to his home; and the half finished bridal veil went along, carefully folded away at the bottom of the trunk, and for the time being quite forgotten.

It may have been forgotten in earnest during twelve years, for aught I know—certainly it lay that long unnoticed. A lovely little ten-year old girl was the fairy that broke its long sleep at last. She had dark eyes, like the little peasant of twelve years ago but Walter's golden hair.

"Oh, the charming lace!" she cried, clapping her hands and dancing delightedly, as Elise shook it out of the folds. "Dear mamma what is it? who made it? and why is it but half done? Can I have it for a dress for my doll, for my doll, mamma?"

The pretty dark eyed matron laughed and shook her head, and half sighed as she pressed the delicate fabric to her lips. Then she told her child the history of its making.

"But it shall not lie hidden so long from the light again," she said, tenderly. "I will finish it, and when the time comes for my little Adele to be a bride, she will have a veil to be proud of."

"Mamma, teach me to work it," said Adele, one day. "My fingers are much finer and tinier than yours."

After that she would bring her little work-basket at her mother's side and work at a veil for her doll. The facility with which she learned the grateful art was astonishing. At the age of fifteen so expert was she that Elise did not fear to let her take part in the creation of the bridal veil itself, but they worked at it now and then, as the fancy seized them.

Louis Riviere was from France, like Adele's mother—that had been a bond between them from the first—for Adele loved her mother's country for her mother's sake; and she also loved the young Frenchman.

Louis came of noble blood, and was well to do He had some money—not enough to live upon in idle luxury, but plenty to secure him a fair start in business life. Unwilling to enter upon this course in Paris, where his noble relatives would not scruple to oppose him, he had chosen another land as the scene of his future efforts, and embarked in business as a merchant there

The happy weeks and months grew into years. Adele was now seventeen; it was agreed and promised that, when spring-time came, she should be Riviere's bride.

"We must finish the bridal veil," cried Elise, eagerly. "I tell you, Monsieur Louis no lady of your proud house ever wore a lace more exquisite and rich. Ah, shall I not be proud when I look at my beautiful child in her marriage robes, and think of the poor little peasant girl of long ago, who toiled at the lace to earn coarse bread so far away over the sea!"

Louis turned quickly at these words, a look of displeased surprise in his dark eyes.

"What peasant girl, madame?" he questioned, uneasily.

"Myself!" she answered, happily, not marking the look or tone. "What was I but a poor little lace-maker when my generous young lover married me, the father of Adele!"

He answered nothing, and Elise went merrily chattering on; but Adele noted his suddenly downcast air and gloomy eyes, though she was far from suspecting the cause of either.

His haughty family pride had received a blow.

"A lace-maker!" he said to himself. "A peasant girl! If I had but known it!"

Unconsciously to himself his annoyance affected his temper; he became irritable, fretful, impatient, sometimes to the very verge of impoliteness even; above all, he coived an absurd but violent dislike to the bridal veil.

"I detest the sight of it!" he cried, one evening, in a moment of self forgetfulness, and when he and Adele were alone. "If, indeed, you love me, never work at it in my presence, Adele; and if I dared ask one special favor of you, it should be—"

He paused suddenly—she was listening in great surprise.

"Well?" she said. "It should be—"

"Wear any other veil in the world but that one to be married in!"

She folded her work and let her fair hands fall on it in her lap; one could see that those little hands were trembling.

"You ask a singular favor," she said, with forced quietness. "Are you aware that my dear mother worked this veil?"

The hot impulsive temper answered instantly, without a thought, "It is for that very reason that I hate it."

And then she understood him. This daughter of nature had been slow to suspect or comprehend the pride of the French aristocrat, but she saw all clearly now; and she would not marry the man who thought he *stooped* to take her.

No need to dwell upon what followed. His prayers, his protestations—humble at first, then angry—her tears, that had no power in them to sap the strength of her resolution. They parted coldly at last—lovers still in heart, for loves die not so easily but outwardly seeming scarcely even friends.

She stood proudly as he left the room;—when the sound of the street-door, closing after him, struck, like a knell of hope, to her young, passionate heart, she flew to the window and watched him out of sight.

"Go! go!" she cried, dashing away the tears that blinded her. "Go from my eyes, hateful tears and let me see my love for the last time! My love! my love! And I have lost him!"

She sank down, sobbing. Just then the sound of her mother's voice, singing merrily an old French song in a room above, came to her ears. Once more she dashed the tears away.

"He despised *you*, my darling mamma, you No, no, I will *never* pardon him!"

Her parents questioned her in vain. She had quarreled with Louis; that was all they could learn. And before a chance for reconciliation came, Elise was smitten with mortal illness and died in three days, and Adele overwhelmed by the awful calamity, was prostrated with brain fever.

At this juncture a summons came to Louis from France, demanding his immediate presence there. Strange changes had taken place Two of the three lives that had stood between him and the title and estates of the Marquis de la Riviere had been suddenly swept away, and the third, a frail and delicate child, lay dying. The present Marquis, himself a feeble old man, was also at the point of death, so they sent in haste to Louis, as the heir of the dying nobleman.

The news bewildered him His heart swelled with exultation and delight, but it sank again Adele! Had he not lost Adele? "I care not for rank or wealth unless she shares them!" cried his heart. "I will go and implore her pardon."

He made the attempt, but in vain. He sought her father, and said a few words to him however, that might have made all well again had she ever heard them; but she never did. When her long and wasting sickness was over at last, and she began, slowly and feebly, to take hold on life, she found herself an orphan in very truth! Walter had followed Elsie to a better world.

Nor even then had she drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs; her father's affairs had been terribly involved: when all was settled, she was penniless.

Poor Adele! Truly might it be said that her sorrows "came not single spies, but in battalions;" father, mother, lover, home, all gone! What had life left to offer her but patience and pain?

And Louis? He would have written her immediately upon his arrival in Paris, but that he felt so blissfully sure that her father would make all well. A few weeks later he did write, informing her fully of his strangely altered fortunes and imploring her to pardon and accept once more as her true lover the Marquis de la Riviere.

And the letter never reached her. The house to which it came was empty and deserted, the lately happy home was broken up, and the little English girl, for whom a husband, and title, and fortune were waiting in sunny France, was earning a sorrowful living as a lace-maker!

Such are some of the strange reverses of real life, more wonderful than any fiction.

So the Marquis waited for an answer in vain Then pride rose up in arms.

"She scorns me," he thought, "She, a poor peasant's child! I am punished for my folly!"

And he resolved to drive her from his heart. But after many months his letter to Adele was returned to him, crossed and recrossed with strange addresses.

It was a messenger of hope to him. She had not slighted, she had not scorned him; perhaps she had not ceased to love. Before another day and night had passed, the Marquis was on his journey to search for her.

And after three months' search he had failed to find her. He had money, influence, deepest heart-interest to aid his search, and yet, in spite of all, he failed.

"She is dead," he thought, with anguish. "I have come too late—it is in the grave that I shall find my darling. If it be so, and I prove it so indeed, I will live and die single for her sake!"

But that was his *heart's* resolve, unsuspected by anyone; many a gay belle and brilliant beauty had spread her nets, to secure the splendid prize of a titled husband.

Foremost among the many, Rosalind Hale; she was the fairest and the wealthiest of them all, and her golden hair was not unlike Adele's. It was this that had attracted him towards her more than the others—a memory of an olden love.

She never suspected that, however; her vanity made sure that he was in her toils. She arranged charades, tableaux, plays—in which he should sustain a part with her. It never occurred to her that he was at once too good natured and too indifferent to refuse.

The tableaux were suggestive enough. One, upon which Miss Hale had quite set her heart, was that of a bridal—need it be said that Louis was the bridegroom, herself the bride?

"He will speak *now*, surely," she thought, as she blushed and trembled beside him, while the curtain came slowly down.

But no; he only bowed as he led her from the platform; and then one of the buttons of his coat caught in her bridal veil.

It has been said that "trifles make up the sum of human happiness."

It seemed so now. As the Marquis stooped to disengage the lace, suddenly he uttered a strange cry.

It was Adele's bridal veil!

"I borrowed it of a lace-maker," Miss Hale said, in reply to his anxious questioning "I had ordered one like it; but her health is bad, and she failed to have it finished in time. So then I made her lend me this. She was quite unwilling, too," she added, pouting; "just because it was her mother's work. Such fancies for a poor person!"

"A young girl?"

"Oh, no; very thin, and worn, and sad; with fine eyes but too dull and pale to be called pretty. But an exquisite lace maker. I shall be glad to give you her address if you have any work for her."

Yes, he had work for her—work that they would share together; the blessed work of binding up an almost broken heart, of restoring love and happiness to both their lives!

Miss Hale never received her veil—the Marquis claimed it.

In its stead he sent her a complete set of laces that made her—in that regard, at least—the envy of society, and Louis married Adele.

Pale and thin, and somewhat careworn still, was the bride of the Marquis on her wedding day; but to *his* eyes—the eyes of faithful love—it was still the sweetest face in the whole world that smiled and went beneath Elise's bridal veil.

And he kissed the old lace and blessed it, because through it he had found her again.

"I love it now!" said he. "I prize it next to yourself, dearest. It shall be kept as a treasure always."

And so it was. Many a fair and high-born bride wore "the bridal veil of Riviere" in the years to come. It had its story passed through many generations of proud and happy wearers. But among them all none were more truly blest than she who "through much suffering had attained to joy."

The German Minister of Marine has given instructions that the ceremony of naming new vessels of the German war navy in future shall no longer be performed with French champagne, as hitherto, but with the sparkling Schloss Johannisberger wine, called Rheingold. The French do not use champagne for the purpose because it does not appear to them to be sufficiently generous or costly. They use only wine of the highest excellence.

A tramp got a new suit of clothes out of the Sidney, Ohio, authorities in a very crafty way. He committed some slight offence, for which he was put into jail. As soon as he was behind the bars he deliberately took off his clothes and cut them into shreds, including his boots. Of course, a new suit had to be purchased for him so that he could appear for trial.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

LONG TOED SHOES:—Long-toed shoes were invented by Fulk, Count of Anjou, to hide an excrescence on one of his feet. These toes were so long as to be fastened to the knees with gold chains and carved at the extreme point with the representation of a church window, a bird or some fantastic device.

BOYS OR GIRLS.—In the register of christenings in Westminster Church there may be found the following: "1790, Jan. 17. Charles, daughter of John and Betty Haines. This child ought to have been christened Charlotte, but, owing to a mistake of the sponsors, it was wrong named. 1791, July 31 William, daughter of William and Sarah Wriddick. N. B.—It was intended that the child, being a girl, should have been christened Maria, but, through a mistake of the godfather, was named William."

A CURIOUS CALCULATION:—The following curious calculation appeared in a French journal: The Prince Imperial had seventeen wounds. There are seventeen letters in the name Napoleon Bonaparte. The addition of the figures 1808, the date of the birth of Napoleon III., makes seventeen; so does 1826, the date of the Empress Eugenie's birth, and 1853 the date of their marriage. From that to 1870, the year of their fall, was seventeen years The Prince Imperial was 17 years of age when his father died. There are seventeen letters in the name of Lieut. Carey, and the addition of the figures 1863, the date of Prince Victor's birth, again produces seventeen.

HOW ORANGS BITE.—All old male orang-outangs are covered with scars inflicted by the formidable canine teeth which these animals use wholly for defense and offense, since they are fruit-eating, and hence do not employ them in chewing. Their effort is always to seize the arm or head of an enemy, and draw the fingers or lips into their mouth, instead of advancing their own heads to bite. Almost every specimen obtained of the mature animals had lost some fingers and toes thus bitten off, and large pieces are similarly torn from the lips. The baby orang exhibits a like propensity when angry, and will seize a person by the wrist and try to draw the hand into its mouth so as to bite the fingers.

ANCIENT WATERING PLACES:—The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with cedar and gold and ivory and even the great Temple of Jerusalem, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another, but the Pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun at Tadmore, in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in its rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades.

CHRISTIAN NAMES:—The custom of persons bearing two "Christian names" is of comparatively recent origin. An author, who has had occasion to search many volumes of old country records, and who has seen "many thousands and tens of thousands of proper names belonging to men of all ranks and degrees," says that in no instance, down to the end of the reign of Anne, has he noticed any person having more than one Christian name. The first instance which occurs in the English records was in 1717, when Sir Coplestone Warwick Bamfield appears as a Justice. The first instances which the same author has met in any other place are those of Henry Frederick, Earl of Arundel, born 1608, and Sir Henry Frederick Thynne, created a baronet in 1641. Both of these appear to have been named after the eldest son of James I., who was born in Scotland. William III., who was a Dutchman, was the first king of England who bore two Christian names.

SOME STAGE EFFECTS, 1763.—In the play of Alexander the Great, Alexander's high and beautiful chariot was first seen at the further end of the stage. The actor seated in it was drawn to the front, to triumphant music, by the unarmed soldiery. When arrived at its station, to stop for him to alight, before he had time even to speak, the machinery was settled on such a simple yet certain plan, that the chariot in a twinkling disappeared, and every soldier was at the instant armed. It was thus managed: Each man, having his particular duty assigned to him, laid his hands on different parts of the chariot. One took a wheel, and held it on high—this was a shield; then others took the remaining wheels, and all in a moment wore shields on their left arms; the axle tree was taken by another—it was a spear; the body of the chariot also took to pieces, and the whole was converted into swords, javelins, lances, standards, etc. Each soldier, thus armed, arranged himself at the sides of the stage, and Alexander in the centre began his speech.

THE HEART OF A ROSE.

BY E. L. S.

A butterfly wooed a rose,
But the rose cared not!
Her petals began to close,
And her blush was hot.
The butterfly lingered an hour,
Then flew to another flower.

A nightingale in the copse
Sang a secret strain.
And sweeter than dewy drops
Was his plaint of pain;
More sweet to the rose did it seem
Than morning's awakening beam.

For whom was the music made?
Not for thee, pale flower!
Thy blushes must faint and fade
With the twilight hour.
The nightingale sings for all
The roses that fall and fall.

Ah! doubtless it had been best
To have felt, fair bud,
The butterfly from thy breast
Suck the honey blood.
The butterfly loveth not long—
The nightingale loves but song.

"Ah, no," said the rose, "not so!
It were best to die
Unkissed, with the sacred glow
Of a secret sigh
For something beyond and above;
This, this is the crown of love!"

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

WAS he not in the Austrian Army, he said, "and in the diplomatic service?"

"Yes," Vera answered. "He went to Spain on some diplomatic mission, where he fell ill; but he returned to Vienna nearly a month ago, and would have been in England earlier if he had been able to come."

"I must try to secure him for my ball," said Lady Landport. "You must make him come, Miss Calderon."

"He will be valuable—he is remarkably handsome, this Spanish French count," put in Everest quietly, "who is a naturalised Englishman and cannot, I believe, speak English."

"Well, well, most of us can speak French one way or other," said the Marchioness, laughing. "And as for you, Miss Calderon, you are happier speaking French, or Italian, or German, than English."

Others now came up to claim a share of Vera's attentions; and she made the handsome son of the Marquis of Landport happy for days by strolling through the rooms with him. She talked brilliantly, though not much; but no partial onlooker could say she flirted, and she somehow prevented her companion from flirting. She would not take gallant speeches; she made them ridiculous by some graceful sarcasm or witty play on words, or coolly spoke of something else, as if she had not heard them. She gave no man encouragement; and yet, whenever she appeared, other women were deserted, and she reigned a queen in the midst of a crowd of courtiers.

"A lovely face," she said, answering her companion's comments on the portrait of a young Viscountess; and, as the words left her lips, a female voice exclaimed—

"My dear Miss Calderon, self-praise—you know the proverb."

Vera turned with well bred languor; there was not a quiver of the lips, not a flash in the dark eyes, as she said, with that delicate liquid accent which many tried in vain to imitate—

"Some good angel, Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner, must have whispered that you were near, and prompted my words. But allow me"—had the first part of her speech to the dashing widow been ironical or not? "Lord Cascelles—Mrs. Gresham Faulkner."

Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner vouchsafed his lordship her brightest smile, which not a few thought very charming, while others declared that it seemed rather to flash across her face, like some external radiance, than to be lighted from within.

Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner was a handsome woman, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a still brilliant complexion—enhanced, it was whispered, by the arts of the toilet—and with small hands and feet, which she knew how to display to the best advantage. She dressed richly and tastefully; and few, perhaps, in society would have guessed her to be six and thirty. At home—alone—she was another being; but in the *beau monde* she was a dashing woman of the world, and among the superficial passed for an accomplished person. But she could not shine beside Vera, and the pretty widow had the wit to recognize this. After exchanging a few words with Lord Cascelles she was turning away as Everest approached, when Vera addressed her—

"You will come with Lady Constance Morton and me to Lady Landport's ball on the twenty-sixth?" she said. "The Marchioness asked if you would come."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear. I am honored. Ah, there is Mr. Everest. Ta ta."

Lady Landport had gone in search of her nephew, and pounced on him before Vera's picture again.

"Clem," said she, tapping him on the shoulder, "come and be introduced to the original."

The young man turned directly.

"What! Vera Calderon? By Jingo!"

"Hush! This way."

"Who is that dashing woman?" asked Clem, as Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner swept past.

"Mrs. Gresham Faulkner—a friend of Miss Calderon's."

"Friend," repeated Clem, "of that glorious creature? Impossible!"

"Well," said Lady Landport, "perhaps not a friend exactly, but Mrs. Faulkner goes to Miss Calderon's balls and receptions in Carlton House Terrace, and Miss Calderon goes to Half Moon street."

"Half Moon street! Then this widow is rich. Who is she?"

"No one knows. She came to London last season, when Miss Calderon was presented, and Miss Calderon was seen with her—in fact, introduced her to society. I fancy I met her abroad somewhere. She is certainly wealthy; but, without Vera Calderon's countenance, one might not be so ready to receive her, knowing really nothing of her. As it is, all doors are open to her. Now you know as much as I do, or any one else, except my lady herself, and, I suppose, our Velasquez—and it is not easy to cross question her. Here she is, with that tiresome Lady Constance Morton."

* * * * *

Twenty minutes later Percy Everest was handing Vera into her carriage, for she had resigned Florrie to her mother and was returning home alone.

"You receive to-morrow, do you not?" he said, leaning on the carriage door.

"No," Vera answered; "I have put it off till next week. Madame Latouche is not well."

"Shall you be at home then?"

"I cannot tell. I may be out."

"You want to avoid me," said Everest, with a menacing look.

An almost gray shadow swept over the girl's face, the settled pallor of which might have been charged as a fault, were it not for the exceeding purity of the tint and texture of the skin. She spoke with a kind of stony calmness.

"I don't want to avoid you. You must bear with me. You know how I am tired."

"Have I not been patient? Am I not so still?"

"And you must be—you must bear with me," said the girl, turning to him with a desperate look in her eyes which warned him not to try her too far. He fell back.

"Well," he said sullenly, "I will call to-morrow, and take my chances."

"I make no promise," returned Vera relapsing into her stony manner. "*Au revoir.*"

The carriage drove off. Then Vera pulled down the blinds and covered her face, shivering like a leaf, in the very agony of fierce passion.

"When will this end?" she whispered, with closed lips. "Oh, Heaven, when will this end? It is killing me; and, but for him, I would bless every day that brought death nearer. Vivian, Vivian, it is for thy dear sake! Oh, to see thy face, to hear thy voice again, though the joy might be such unutterable anguish! Every word of love and trust is like fresh fuel to the consuming fire within me. But hush, hush!" She started up in terror. "I am near home—home—this splendid mansion, of which he once spoke so mockingly! I must be stately Vera Calderon. I go to the Opera to night; I must not unnerve myself for my part."

The carriage stopped, the footman opened the door, and, graceful and self possessed, the beautiful heiress passed into the hall among statues and flowers. But no soft Irish eyes looked tenderly into her face, no loving Irish voice uttered her name. Where was Aileen Connor? Why was she not with her darling in the splendid London mansion, instead of thinking sadly of her as she sat at work in a tapestried chamber of Temple Rest?

CHAPTER XXXI.

IL TROVATORE was the opera. Tietjens was the Leonora, and the house was crowded. Not a few, however, had come less to hear the unapproachable Hungarian than to see Miss Vera Calderon, who was "pretty sure to be here when Tietjens sang;" and they were not disappointed. There she sat in cream-white satin and sapphires—her favorite stones—sunny-haired Florrie Morton by her side, forming a foil to the splendid beauty of her companion. Next to Florence was Lady Anne Beauclerc, a middle aged dame, with a round, good-humored face, and on the other side of Vera sat Clem Willoughby, whose presence caused many an inquiry in the stalls and boxes as to who he was, while he was the envy of his own sex.

Everest was in the stalls, next to Lord Sydney Tollemache; and Vera saw them and bowed to them, returning the former's upward look with an indifferent glance that hardly appeared to see him. She found it more difficult than ever to give her attention either to her companions or to the opera on this night. Her mind would keep recurring to a strange, vague fancy that seemed to have taken possession of it since she had heard that Count Saint Leon was in Vienna. The fancy hardly reached the point of conjecture, yet sometimes it was so strong that her heart seemed to stand still, and then it throbbed with suffocating violence, so that it needed all her self-possession to rouse herself to the necessities of the situation.

Just as the curtain was rising on the second act, she saw Everest, whose absence from the house she had noticed, returning to his stall with a newspaper in his hand. He glanced up at her box, as he took his place, with an expression that struck her like the sudden stab of a sharp weapon. For a moment she was absolutely deaf and blind, though no one would have observed any change in her; then she seemed to turn her eyes to the stage; but, under the shelter of her long lashes, she watched Everest. She saw him show something in the paper to his companion, and she saw the sudden expression of amazement, half incredulous, wholly grieved, that flashed into Lord Sydney's face, and his quick furtive glance upwards to her box. She saw another man bend over from behind—it was Lord Cascelles—and the three whispered together; then some one cried "Hush!" and Everest hastily put the paper into his pocket, and settled his thin lips and folded his arms, with a look and gesture that spoke volumes to Vera, as he turned his apparent attention to the opera, from which, in truth, he never, under any circumstances, derived any pleasure; for he had neither taste for nor knowledge of music, and was almost equally indifferent to the dramatic art.

Vera sat motionless; and yet, when the curtain fell, she talked to her companions, and never suffered them to see the wild longing within her for the close of the opera. She was an accomplished actress, this girl of one-and twenty.

The curtain fell at last, and the aristocratic throng poured out. Lord Cascelles made his way to Vera's side, just as she was begging Cornet Willoughby to escort Lady Anne Beauclerc to her carriage, for that dame was going to an assembly.

"Some one is sure to look after us, Mr. Willoughby. Ah, here is Lord Cascelles! I shall see you again to-morrow at Mrs. Dysart's; I will not forget the dances. Good-night."

"Have you seen? Have you heard?" said some one near as Clem departed with his convoy, consoled for the penance by beautiful Miss Calderon's parting words.

"No. What——"

"It's in the evening papers; some one said that——"

"I will get some to try to bring up your carriage, Miss Calderon," said Lord Cascelles, in a voice raised above the necessary pitch, and with an angry glance around.

Vera lifted her eyes to his with a steady grateful look.

"Thank you, my lord," she said quietly. "There is Mr. Manningham; he will go."

Lord Cascelles stepped forward; but a group intervened before he could reach the object he sought, and he touched Everest, who was close by, and gave him the commission. Everest went out, and, in few moments, succeeded in bringing Vera's carriage up; and Lord Cascelles, whose feverish anxiety to get his charges out of the opera house, the one for whom he was specially concerned saw easily, hurried her forward.

They halted on the steps, a crowd behind, around, outside, coachmen and policemen shouting. Lord Cascelles shuddered as he looked at Vera standing there in the bright noisy scene of the life of fashion, the jewels she wore flashing subdued fire through the costly lace gracefully disposed about her beautiful head and shoulders. She saw his look, she saw the looks of many others too—not looks of admiration only, but something else expressing that sense of terrible contrast; yet still she was stately and self-possessed.

The perfectly appointed brougham drew up in rank.

"Miss Calderon's carriage!" sang out the voice of the policeman, as Everest sprang up the steps; and at that moment a shrill voice rose above the tumult, and a ragged boy pushed his way in among the group of stylish loungers.

"Speshl edishun *Echo!* Death of Sir Vivian Deverool 'Ere y'are, sir!"

There was a scream from within from Florrie Morton and a fierce irrepressible oath from Lord Cascelles. Vera staggered, and laid a convulsive grasp on her companion's arm.

"This way," he said hurriedly. "I had feared this, Miss Calderon. It is a mere rumor, I believe—nothing more."

She had recovered herself before even those hastily spoken words were finished.

"Pardon me," she said in a low voice; "it was only momentary. Florrie"—putting her firm hand on Miss Morton's wrist—"no fainting or nonsense here. Mr. Everest, you have a paper. Please give it to me."

She took Lord Cascelles' arm and passed on to her carriage, the little crowd falling back respectfully, but amazed at either a strange want of feeling or rare power of dissimulation.

Florrie Morton, trembling, strongly agitated, was half lifted into the carriage; Lord Cascelles handed Vera in, and she thanked him more by look than word for his kind thought for her.

"The paper," she said to Everest. "Give it to me."

He stepped forward, and, as he placed it in her hand, he whispered—

"Do you doubt the news?"

"I believe nothing on a first hearing," she answered. "Good-night."

The carriage drove off, and Vera bent over the paper, and read the few lines that might wreck her life or bring on an answer to her longing to see Vivian Devereux once more:

"A rumor was current in Paris to day, and found general credence, though on what authority we cannot say, that Sir Vivian Chandos Devereux died a few days ago, at an obscure village in Andalusia, of malignant fever, and was interred in unconsecrated ground. On inquiring at the Hotel de Rivoli, where Sir Vivian's cousin, M. de Saint Leon, is at present staying, it was ascertained that he had no further knowledge than the rumor mentioned."

The paper fell from Vera's hands. Florrie crept up to her and clasped her arms about her.

"It isn't true, Vera," she whispered. "Oh, it can't be true!"

Was she who suffered most to be the consoler? She tenderly kissed the fair forehead.

"I will not believe it," she said; "I will hope. You must not give way, Florrie dear. Try to believe the best."

Did she believe the best, as she paced her room in the still hours of the dawn? Could this awful rumor be true? Was the close of Vivian Devereux's cruel exile a nameless, dishonored grave in a foreign land, or dared she give form to her wild hope? Was it Rafael de Saint Leon who had died? Had Vivian Devereux braved discovery in the assumed identity of the cousin he so closely resembled? She knew his daring spirit; and to him, whose foreign characteristics and facility in foreign tongues had served to intensify his brother's animosity, the assumption of a Franco-Spanish gentleman could present no difficulties. He had all the power of acting needed for such a role. He would have obtained the data from his cousin. Rafael de Saint Leon had been in ill-health—Vivian Devereux had never known an hour's illness; the very boldness of the scheme would commend itself to Vivian's mind and be a safeguard against discovery. Who would dream of suspecting the fugitive lord of Chandos Devereux in the French diplomat and Austrian officer, whose striking likeness to the exile, while it rendered disguise easy, would further tend to disarm suspicion; for comparatively trivial differences confuse the memory. Again, Vivian was less known in London than in Paris and Vienna. If he passed the ordeal in these cities, who would discover him in London?

The girl's brain ached with thought, and her heart grew sick and beat wildly with alternations of despair and hope—hope that, if realized, would bring dread and suffering. If Vivian had died, why had not Alphonse come to her or written? She had compared the letter from Count Saint Leon with Vivian's letters, and with the former letters of Saint Leon; but the likeness between the first and the last was exact. Nevertheless she could not cast aside the idea that Vivian Devereux still lived, and lived under the identity of his cousin Saint Leon.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"YOU are still, then, skeptical as to this rumor in the papers?" said Percy Everest, leaning on the piano in Vera's drawing room, while her fingers wandered idly over the keys.

It was the day before Lady Landport's ball, nearly three weeks after the rumor of Vivian Devereux's death had first startled the world, and no confirmatory evidence had appeared, though two or three foreign journals of repute had said there seemed to be some foundation for the report.

Vera glanced carelessly at the speaker.

"I have told you before that I never trust to mere rumor. You show me the *Independence Belge;* but what does that say? Newspapers are not oracles, though they claim an oracle's repute."

Everest's brow darkened.

"The wish," he said, "is father to the thought."

"You are wrong. I am not of a hopeful nature; if I had been, stern realities would have changed me. I simply doubt what I cannot see any ground for believing; or, rather, my mind is a blank. I await further evidence."

She began one of Mendelssohn's Lieder. Everest watched her for a few moments in silence. Then he spoke again—

"Vera, I do not know why I should postpone what I have to say to you—what I called to day, indeed, to say."

The girl dropped her hands from the keys and turned to him.

"Well," she said quietly, "I am ready to listen."

He called her "Vera"—this man who was

Vivian Devereux's enemy, who had insulted him in the hour of his humiliation—and Vivian Devereux's betrothed wife detected nothing strange in it!

Everest leaned forward a little.

"If Chandos Devereux is dead," he said slowly, "as I, for my part, believe he is, society will make demands upon you and upon me which I shall not wish to disregard, nor will I disregard them myself; but I warn you that, at the end of such time as custom prescribes for retirement from society, I shall claim, not your promise, for you never gave one, but the fulfilment of your destiny, if you choose to put it so."

He paused as Vera rose and leaned against the piano, with a face icy calm; but she signed to him to go on, and he continued:

"I do not pretend to love you. I speak frankly, as I have done all along; marriage between you and me will be a bargain. I gain wealth, position, influence; you gain—silence."

She did not seem moved; she did not even glance at him. She spoke in a measured, mechanical kind of way.

"Why say this now? You know why I—to the world at any rate—refuse to accept as truthful, so long as I can fairly maintain a show of skepticism, a report that would compel me to withdraw from society. You think that in my inmost heart I believe Vivian Devereux dead. Yet, before the grass is green above his nameless grave, you come to me and tell me that I must give you my hand." She could not say, "be your wife." "Is this needful? Can you not spare me such language for one month at least?"

Everest folded his arms and looked at her.

"I have spared you for nearly two years," he said, "and I spare you still. Yet I have power to say, 'In a month, a week from hence, be my wife,' have I not?"

"No."

She said that one word in the same manner, and, turning, met his amazed look with one so steadfast, so penetrating, so proudly conscious of something, some force within her that he could not utterly master, that he drew back and stood quite still, overwhelmed by her calm strength as he had once been by her passion.

"Is it war?" he said presently, under his breath, with a fierce glitter in his light eyes.

"No, not war," Vera answered, without a change in look or mien; "but, for the present, armed peace. If you conquer in the end, you can give a little rope meanwhile, cannot you?"

"Ay, but I warn you, Vera, not to imagine that time will work any change in me. I am playing for too high a stake to yield to any thought of mercy, to look back one moment from the plough to which I have put my hand. Vengeance may be satisfied, but not ambition. You know what I owed the House of Devereux, what took me to Chandos Royal. That haughty house has drunk the bitter cup to the dregs. Its last representative—the man who told me he would horsewhip me like a dog—has died alone, an exile, dishonored, disgraced. He promised me, when I greeted him by his new title, to repay me not in word but in deed. How and when will he keep that promise?"

He seemed beside himself in his savage triumph, and, as he spoke the last words, came near to Vera, as though he would lay his hand on her arm. Till now she had heard him with a face like the rack tortured, pale with an ashen pallor, locked in the stern resolve to endure in silence; but now she recoiled suddenly, with a look of such ineffable horror and scorn as he never forgot.

"Do not touch me," she said in a low tone—and her eyes were like the eyes of the lion at bay, at once fierce and desperate—"do not touch me, lest I brave all, fling all to the winds, and stand free from your accursed toils! Nothing could make my life a blacker waste of misery than it is now. Silence! I have heard enough. Leave me."

Everest turned slowly. Something of actual fear had crept into his face. Once again he had gone too far; he had calculated too much on his own power, too little on the strength of his victim's character and will. He obeyed her; he did not utter another word, but silently passed out of the room and quitted the house.

Once more alone, the unfortunate girl pressed her hands to her brow like one distracted.

"I shall go mad!" she said, with trembling lips. "This cannot last! My very brain almost turns sometimes. I shall not die, but I shall go mad! Heaven help me! What can I do?"

She wrung the slight hands all sparkling with gems, and paced to and fro, to and fro, as she had done, alas, how often, in fearful excitement.

"Some thread in this terrible network must break," her despairing thoughts ran. "If Count Saint Leon be Vivian Devereux, how can I answer him when he asks how it is that Percy Everest is among my favored guests? How long will he remain ignorant of the fact that Mrs. Gresham Faulkner belongs to another place in society than mine? Not an hour—not ten minutes. If he should be at this ball, he will see her, and that will be enough. I may lie to him—to him—oh, Heaven help me!—and he will believe it, because I say it—tell him that I am under obligations to her, and that she has saved a friend's life—anything; but no lies would cover a friendship with Percy Everest."

And then came the whisper, "What if it be not Vivian Devereux, but Rafael de Saint Leon? What if Vivian Devereux has died, as they say?" She flung out her hands as if the thought had been a tangible foe.

"No, no, no! I cannot, will not believe that. If there is justice in Heaven, it cannot be! Vivian, I shall see thee once again. Would to Heaven that I could kneel at thy feet and tell thee all, and die! For we can only meet to part!"

Hapless Vera Calderon! Who that could have seen her now would have envied her in her splendid misery! She moved on velvet pile, among pictures and statues and flowers and books and music—all that wealth and cultured taste could purchase; the rustle of satin robes followed her footsteps, and every movement flashed light from priceless jewels; yet the beggar who received her bounty, so freely given, would scarce have changed places with her if he could have seen her now, unmasked and alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"IT is a very grand affair, is it not, this ball at Lady Landport's?" said Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner, as she stepped into Vera's carriage, which had called for her, and settled her rich satin and laces to her satisfaction. "The Austrian Ambassador, I hear, will be there, and that famous Lord Fordington whom all the world raves about."

"And Dukes and Earls *ad libitum*," said Vera, with an irony in look and tone that the other felt, but could not exactly resent. That speech of hers jarred on Miss Calderon; it was not exactly vulgar, but it showed lack of *ton*.

Mrs. Gresham Faulkner eyed the heiress' dress, and was silent during the short drive from Half Moon street to Lord Landport's mansion opposite the Green Park, and Vera was not likely to break that silence.

She was thinking of Count Saint Leon. He would not be there to night; he was not in England. Was she best pleased not to meet him first in this great assembly, or was she anxious—still with that strong impression on her that the name was but an assumed one—that he should see and be seen by those who had known him, and at once put London to the test already successful in Vienna and Paris? She hardly knew herself which feeling predominated in her mind.

A glittering throng filled the noble saloons of the Landport mansion. One met there the *elite* of the magic circle called society—not merely, too, those whom birth and wealth have placed in the van, but men and women whose fame had opened to them the doors of a world ever ready to welcome genuine talent. Among the soberly-attired cavaliers was a sprinkling of foreign officers and diplomatists in rich uniforms, and wearing the stars and ribbons of almost every known order of merit.

"The freshest, the fairest,
The richest, the rarest"

flowers of fashion and intellect were there; but, when Vera Calderon's name was announced, there was an instant murmur and involuntary movement in the direction of the door.

Women said that she was always splendidly dressed, men said she was always the best-dressed woman in the room—for she was like a picture, and not a fashion print; but, in truth, Vera made the simplest robes look rich.

On this night she wore cream white satin and diamonds, and lace that had been a gift from Henrietta Maria to the wife of Renard Calderon, in reward for her husband's loyalty—lace that was the envy of all Mayfair dames; for women love old lace as men love a choice brand of Havanas.

"I half thought she might not come," was whispered; "evidently she does not believe the rumor about Sir Vivian, which was repeated only a few days ago."

"Well, Miss Morton is here too," remarked Lord Sydney Tollemache—"she came half an hour ago with Lady Constance; but I suppose they take their cue from Miss Calderon."

"Of course," responded an *attache* of the Austrian Embassy, who spoke English nearly as well as Lord Sydney. "*Himmel*, my lord, how completely Miss Calderon 'kills' Mrs. Gresham Faulkner!" And then he asked, "Do you like that lady?"

"No," said Lord Sydney decidedly, "can't say I do—nor Mr. Everest either," he added, as that gentleman approached Vera and said a few words to her.

"Jealous, eh?" said the Austrian, half-smiling.

"Not in the least. I don't aspire; and, if Everest does, all I can say is, he's a presuming puppy."

"Well, well," said the *attache*, "he will not dissipate the vision of Sir Vivian—but some one else might."

"Who?" asked Lord Sydney, quickly.

"The co-trustee, *mon cher*, Sir Vivian's cousin, Saint Leon."

"Is he so very like Devereux?"

"Very. Sir Vivian has the advantage in beauty; but still the likeness is striking. I had hoped Saint Leon would be here to-night; but I suppose we must give him up. The Ambassador too is *non est*."

"Strange for a Frenchman to enter the Austrian service!" said Lord Sydney.

"Whom could he serve? He is a Rohan—detests the Bonapartes—a strong Legitimist; he has a talent for diplomacy. Where exercise it? But, come, let us join the stars that revolve around the sun;" and the two gentlemen moved away towards the group round Vera.

"I am so sorry," said Lady Landport presently to Vera; "Count Zendorff promised to be in good time; and I am half afraid he will not come."

"Perhaps," answered Vera, smiling a little, "M. de St. Leon has arrived after all, and that has detained him."

"Oh, I hope so; for then perhaps he would bring the Count with him!"

Vera's speech had been a rehearsal; she wanted to test her own powers of dissimulation, and she was satisfied with the result. She had not changed countenance; not a muscle had quivered; her smile was easy and natural, her voice steady; if Count Saint Leon came—if she should look once more on Vivian Devereux's face—she would not betray herself. If she showed some agitation, it would be no more than would be attributed to the well known likeness between the fugitive of Chandos Devereux and his foreign cousin.

The Prince von Epstein, second cousin to a crowned head, secured the beautiful heiress for the first quadrille. Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner was led out by Lord Cascelles, to whom she endeavored to make herself very fascinating, but who secretly made up his mind not to ask her to dance again, and wondered to himself what had made him ask her at all.

As she sat fanning herself, while her partner went to fetch her an ice, Percy Everest came up and bending down whispered:

"Well, Adeline, are you happy?"

She glanced up at him—behind the shelter of her fan—with an expression strangely, startlingly different from that which her face had worn a moment before.

"Happy?" she said. "No, not yet. I never shall be, as some count happiness."

"Pooh! How many here are? You are better off than I am."

"That is partly your own fault," said the lady, glancing across to where Vera stood. "Why do you let her play with you?"

"Let her! I threatened her the other day, and she turned on me like a stag at bay."

"Bravado," returned Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner. "She dare not really drive you to extremities; for, though you keep the secret of your power, it must be great to awe Vera Calderon."

"You do not know her, Adeline. She cannot defy me now certainly, now that Vivian Devereux is dead; but, as long as he lived, I tell you I almost believe she would have braved everything rather than become my wife. I cannot fathom her—cannot understand her; nor can you. But she loved that man as woman love in plays and romances."

"And hates you as woman hate in plays and romances," added Adeline Gresham Faulkner, fanning herself. "But she must yield in the end. However, of course society exacts some show of forbearance on your part for a time; for Miss Calderon could not marry Percy Everest within a few months of Sir Vivian Devereux's death, even under the most favorable circumstances."

"No," said Percy Everest gloomily; and, as Lord Cascelles now approached, he moved away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Poor Little Girl.

BY A. H. H.

I AM confident that Mr. Elmore never had told so long a story in my presence as he did when I announced my intention of answering an advertisement for a governess.

He and wife were opposed to my leaving them, and this story was concerning a young girl who went as governess and died from over-work.

The station-master, as we drew up, bade us make haste if we didn't want to be left behind, and soon the last words were spoken and I was alone.

I felt utterly desolate and friendless as I sank back into my seat in the train. I was an orphan with a few friends and was going out as governess.

In my depressed state that morning, the name of my new employer seemed more awe-inspiring and aristocratic than ever before—"Claude Huntington."

I felt sure that he would be a tall, pompous, elderly man, with piercing coal-black eyes, and fierce whiskers, dyed to a jetty hue. And "Christabelle," the daughter—how could I, plain Eva Norris, make myself useful and agreeable to Christabelle Huntington?

He had mentioned in his last letter that Elfrida Winthrop, his cousin and ward, was an inmate of his house; he thought it would be pleasant for me to know that I was to have a young lady companion.

At the next station a half drunken man entered the car. He was dressed like a gentleman, and probably was one when sober. He came to the seat where I was and paused before it, as if intending to sit himself beside me.

But I had only time to give one frightened glance, when the blue-eyed, handsome stranger opposite left his seat, and, laying his hand on the man's shoulder, said:

"Take my seat, sir; I am tired of sitting."

And half compelled by the firm hand upon his shoulder, the tipsy fellow sank into a vacant seat.

I thought no one left the train but myself at the wayside station, and as there was one carriage in sight, an elegant phaeton, I fancied it might have been sent for me; but one glance at the driver's face dispelled the presumptuous belief. He looked over me, as if I were an incorporeal substance, through which landscapes might be enjoyed.

But even as he looked, he leaped down, and opened the carriage door, and at that moment I heard a light, quick step behind me, and glancing round, there stood my handsome, blue-eyed stranger. He lifted his hat as he approached, and said, as courteously as though I were a queen.

"Pardon me, but I think you are Miss Norris?"

I bowed affirmatively.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Huntington, your correspondent. We had not expected you until to morrow."

"I thought you wrote for me to come on the thirteenth."

"I daresay the mistake was mine," said he. "My writing, I fear, might be improved by judicious training."

He assisted me into the carriage, and after leaving some directions about having my trunk sent on immediately, entered himself, and the prancing gray dashed along the quiet country road. For a few minutes we drove on in silence, and then he told me about my pupil. He said she was an invalid, through an injury to her spine, received when an infant, and so he did not want her to study any more than her health would permit. But his business took him from home a good deal, and he wanted someone he could trust to leave her with.

It was a large mansion, of light gray stone, fairly embowered in foliage and bloom. The grounds were spacious and beautiful, and as we drove up the long avenue, I could catch a glimpse, through openings in the green shade, of summer-houses, fountains, and statues. As we passed up the long flight of steps into the hall, Mr. Huntington turned to me, and said, with a smile "Welcome to Huntington Manor, Miss Norris!" And then, hearing a servant directed him to show me to my room. I was grateful for this, for I wanted to make some changes in my dress before I met the ladies of the family. I had not taken off my wrappings, and was bathing my face, when a particularly wakeful-looking girl came and said that "Miss Christie wants to see you at once; she ain't so well to day, and she said she couldn't wait a minute."

She led the way nearly the length of the upper hall, and then opened the door in a large, pleasant room, and there, lying upon a crimson sofa, was my pupil. As we entered, she had one arm around her father's neck, and he was bending over her, telling her something in a low voice.

I took her mite of a white hand in mine, and bent down and kissed her.

She read my face earnestly, searchingly, and then said, as if talking to herself, "I think I shall like her—I think I shall."

At dinner I met Miss Winthrop. She was a calm-eyed young lady, with an evident consciousness that Elfrida Winthrop was certainly equal, if not superior, to any lady of her acquaintance. But I liked her very much; she seemed so strong and self-reliant, that to my rather dependent nature she was very fascinating.

That evening I went into Christie's room again.

"Well," said I, "do you think you can like me? I hope you can, because I haven't any one else to love me."

"Where's your papa?"

"He is dead."

"And your mamma—haven't you any?"

"No; she is dead."

"Whom did you live with, then, before you came here?"

"I lived out in the country, where my mother died."

"I have got a cousin, and she loves me, I suppose. Haven't you got any cousins?"

"No; I have no relations at all."

"Well, if there isn't any one else, I will love you; and you may kiss me if you like."

Judith's wakeful eye twinkled with admiration at her mistress and delight at my unparalleled success with her.

The next day I commenced my duties, which were very light. Some days Christie was too ill to have any lessons at all; but when she was well enough, I taught her for a few hours. Mr. Huntington treated me gently and courteously, and Elfrida Winthrop I found a very agreeable companion, and a study, she was so utterly unlike any other woman I had ever met.

* * * * *

In the late autumn of the year, Mr. Huntington's business called him abroad, and

Elfrida received a pressing invitation from a school friend to pass the winter with her in Chelten.

And as Christie's health seemed worse of late, Mr. Huntington preferred that I should go South with her, and pass the cold weather. A friend of his was going for his health, with his family, and it would be a good opportunity to have company. So it was decided, and we went—Christie, Judith and I.

The winter there I shall never forget. Our life was quiet and dreamful, and separate from the confusion of the world. But Christie grew weaker, and after awhile her favorite walks were too long for the little feet. And finally, as the spring came, she did not leave her room. But the change was so gradual, so peaceful, that we who were with her all the time could hardly realize it.

One evening Christie lay asleep on the lounge. I bent over her and listened to her unsteady breathing.

That night I wrote to Mr. Huntington, and as soon as his answer reached us, and we could make needful preparations, we were on our way home. Mr. Huntington met us there. As he looked at Christie first, his face was as white as hers; even my letter had not prepared him for the change he saw.

We had been at home just one week. All day Christie had been restless, some of the time delirious. Elfrida had lain down, for she was not well, and Mr. Huntington and I were alone with the child. At twilight she revived, and said to her father, in a voice that sounded like herself, "I am tired. When will he come, papa?"

"Who, darling?"

"The strong man Eva told me about. She said he would carry me in his arms."

Mr. Huntington bent over her till his cheeks touched hers.

"Don't cry, papa. Where is Eva? Eva, come here."

I rose from the sofa where I had been weeping silently, and came and knelt down by her. She looked lovingly into my face, and put up her little weak hand and pressed it gently over my face.

"I love you, Eva."

But, feeling that her little duties were not yet fully accomplished, she turned to me and said, "Eva, you will love papa, won't you?"

I bent lower over her, for I felt at that moment that my secret might possibly be revealed in my eyes. I don't think I could have replied, had not Mr. Huntington turned to me and said, "Will you, Eva?"

What I saw in his eyes made it easy for me to say "Yes." It was spoken very low; but he heard it, and bent and kissed my forehead.

That night darling little Christie died.

Six weeks after I was sitting with Elfrida in the balcony, she was wan and white, and dependent on me now, for her illness on the night of Christie's death had proved the commencement of a sickness that had been nearly fatal. After awhile she said "Eva, I want to ask you something. Suppose a man loved you and you trifled with his love, set your own will against a noble, manly purpose, and had been obstinate and wilful—what would you do?"

"If I thought I had wronged him; if I were certain that he loved me still; that he were unhappy, and my love would make him happier, I would——"

"You would what?"

"I would find a way."

As I said this I went to my room, for I felt that any further talk just then would have been impossible. To leave Huntington Manor as quickly as I could, that was my first thought.

And so I went as quickly as possible, but with Judith's wakeful eyes following me reproachfully.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmore met me with open arms and hearts.

The next night at sunset I set out for a walk. But the earth and the sky looked dismal to me, though one was golden and the other fresh as June could make it. I made my walk but a short one. The gate was some distance from the house, and was separated from it by a clump of willows, and I felt so tired as I shut it on my return, that I laid my head down on the low gate-post, upon my clasped hands.

"Did you think you could run away from me so easily, Eva?" a voice said.

"Mr. Huntington!"

My heart was in my throat. I could not trust myself to speak.

"How could you leave me so, Eva?" said he, reproachfully. "I thought you had promised to love me?"

There was such a loving, tender reproach in his eyes, I could hardly bear it; but I answered honestly.

"I didn't think—I didn't know that you would care," I stammered.

"Am I then so difficult to understand? Did I not show plainly how dear you were to me?"

"Your cousin Elfrida——" I began, and then hesitated; but a glimmering of the truth seemed to dawn upon him.

"Elfrida! Why, you dear little woman, she is just like a sister to me! She is engaged, too; she had a quarrel with her lover, but they have made it up again."

And so we were married, and when at the end of a year I asked my husband if he did not think our baby was like to our lost darling, Christie, he brushed away a tear, and sighed, "Poor little girl!"

Aunt Jemima.

BY A. O. G.

AUNT JEMIMA had invited company to tea.

Aunt Jemima was one of those odd, original old ladies who, having contrived to wreck their matrimonial bark early in life, are continually steering off in all sorts of unexpected directions. She had espoused the cause of women's independence with great vehemence, joined a debating club, and quarrelled with the vice-president at the second meeting.

"A fig for Women's Rights!" said Miss Jemima. "They've more rights than they know what to do with already."

Then she devoted herself to philanthropy, turned her house into a miniature orphan asylum, and went prowling about the lanes and gutters in search of *protegees*. But after she had been robbed twice she abandoned the whole thing. Then she took to literature.

So that now she went about with inky fingers, a portfolio under her arm, and a rhyming dictionary always within reach, while her niece, Abigail, did the housework.

Or at least the girl whom she called her niece, for Abigail was no actual relation to the eccentric little old lady in the snuff colored front and twinkling gold spectacles. She was the last lingering relic of the philanthropic scheme, a little orphan whom Miss Jemima had fished up out of a cellar somewhere, and who had hid in the outhouse, and refused to go when the other orphans were banished *en masse*, to the care of the public charities and corrections.

"Abigail," said Miss Jemima, on this particular afternoon, 'is everything ready?"

And the Abigail who responded to her summons was a fair, slight maiden, with a faint glow on her olive cheeks, very black hair, growing low on a sweet forehead, and the softest and most appealing of eyes, which were neither black nor brown, but melted into the deepest wine lights at every emotion of her heart.

"Everything is ready, Aunt Jemima," said Abigail. "Cold boiled tongue, lobster salad, buttermilk biscuit, preserved plums, and currant jelly. But you've got to change your dress and do your hair yet, aunt," suggested Abigail, gently.

"So I have—so I have!" said Aunt Jemima. "I declare to you, child, I had nearly forgotten about the tea party. Let me see—whom have we invited?'

"Your cousin, Mr. Stone, and his wife," said Abigail.

"Oh, yes; I remember now," said Aunt Jemima. "Fanny Stone, who is always sending me jelly and embroidered slippers and writes me such loving letters every birthday."

"And Mr. Mugg, the clergyman."

"Such a pious, delightful young man," said Miss Jemima. "And the two Misses Warps, who enjoy hearing the portions of my new serial so much, and my cousin, Anthony Todd, and old Mrs. Spring and Lucetta Johnston. Yes, yes, I remember now!"

And Miss Jemima trotted up-stairs to put on her best black silk dress and gold mosaic set, to do honor to the guests she had completely forgotten.

In the middle of her toilet, however, a literary idea occurred to her, and sitting down to commit it at once to foolscap paper, she lost all count of time, until the hum of voices below warned her that her guests had at last arrived. She jumped up, wiped her pen, and flung the foolscap sheets this way and that.

"I must make haste!" said she, aloud.

Hurrying down-stairs, she bethought her of a certain little garnet clasp which she liked to wear, sewed on velvet ribbon, across the parting of the snuff colored "front" on her forehead. And squeezing herself into one of the odd little octagon closets between the parlor and dining room, she unluckily contrived to lock herself in by some patent arrangement as complete as it was terrible.

"That self-locking latch I had put on last week," said Miss Jemima to herself. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Here I am, just exactly like the bride in the 'Mistletoe Bough' song."

She was about to call to Abigail to come and liberate her, when the sound of her own name, pronounced in the mild accents of Mr. Mugg, the clergyman, arrested the words upon her lips.

"Where is our dear Miss Jemima?" demanded that honey-voiced divine.

"She must have fallen into a fit of abstraction up stairs," said the eldest Miss Warps.

"Tea is quite ready," said Abigail. "I have rung the bell twice. Perhaps I had better go up stairs and see what has become of her."

"Do, my dear," said old Mrs. Spring, who spoke in a slow, comfortable way. "For I'm quite perishing for my tea."

Away tripped Abigail, and presently she came back with something of a scared face.

"I can't find her anywhere," said she. I've called and called—and I've looked in every room, and she isn't there!"

"Depend upon it," said Mr. Stone, smiting the table with his hand, "she's been and gone and done it at last!"

"Done what?" said mild Mr. Mugg.

"Committed suicide!" said Mr. Stone. "She always was three quarters mad!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Spring, with a spice of quiet malice in her voice. "It was nothing on earth but temper."

"I've always thought she ought to be put in an asylum," said the youngest Miss Warps.

"And have an administrator appointed over her affairs," added Mr. Anthony Todd, abstractedly helping himself to a slice of cold boiled tongue and another of ham.

Miss Jemima, who was not without a sense of humor, chuckled to herself as she listened to their remarkably free and uncomplimentary expressions of opinion.

"Well," said Mrs Spring, "dead or alive, I suppose we'd better have our tea!"

"I think," viciously announced Miss Lucetta Johnston, "that she's as mad as a March hare! And I think her money should be equally divided between her relations!"

"So do I," said Mr. Stone. "And if she has hanged or drowned herself——"

"It's all these horrid literary habits of hers," said Mr. Mugg, with his mouth full of lobster salad. "Enough to undermine the strongest person's equilibrium!"

"I knew it all along," said Mrs. Stone. "I could see she was losing her mind—what little there was of it to lose, poor, silly old woman!"

"Perhaps it might be as well to look round the premises a little, after supper," said Mr. Mugg, with a hungry glance in the direction of the cold meats. "And if you will be good enough, Abigail, to pour out the tea——"

"I—won't!" said Abigail, with blazing cheeks and a stamp of her little foot.

"Eh?" said Mr. Todd.

"What?" ejaculated old Mrs. Spring.

"Go out of the house, every one of you!" cried Abigail. "To dare to talk so of aunt, who is so good and generous! To sit quietly down to eating and drinking when she is not here! To call her a lunatic—a——"

"Young woman," said Mr. Mugg, "you are taking too much upon yourself!"

"I should think so!" said Mrs. Stone. "For a pauper foundling, picked out of the gutters!"

"Well, I never!" cried the two Misses Warps, in chorus.

"Leave the house, I say!" reiterated Abigail. "It is Aunt Jemima's house. You have no business to sit here and talk so about her!"

"Aunt Jemima, indeed!" said Lucetta Johnston. "As if she were any relation of yours, miss! I, for one, shall say what I please about her. She is a crazy old lunatic, and——"

But just here was the sound of a vigorous pair of knuckles on the door which connects the parlor closet with the dining-room.

"What's that?" said Mr. Mugg, starting up in alarm.

"A ghost!" said Miss Warps, nervously.

"Rats!" said Mr. Stone.

"No, it isn't!" said Miss Jemima. "It is I! Locked in here by mistake. Abigail, you will find the patent key on the parlor mantelshelf. Be so good as to get it and let me out."

"A—hem!" coughed Mr. Mugg.

"We were really beginning to be quite alarmed about you," said Mrs. Stone, moving uncomfortably in her chair.

"So I should think," said Miss Jemima, cheerily.

But she was as pleasant and cordial as ever, and when her guests took leave, they really did not seem to know whether they had been overheard or not.

After they were gone, however, Miss Jemima held out her hand to Abigail.

"Come here and kiss me, my dear," said she. "I see that I have one friend left in the world, at least."

And she made her will the next day in favor of Abigail.

"Not that I mean to die at present," said she; "but it is always well to be prepared for any emergency."

And she never invited that particular party of guests to tea again so long as she lived.

Almost the entire population of one end of St. Lawrence Island, in the Behring sea, perished of starvation. The crew of a schooner now at San Francisco found 200 corpse sin one field. The living had carried the dead from the huts until they fell and died. One little girl lay dead over the remains of a whale. The cause was liquor furnished by nearly all the trading vessels. The natives will not go fishing while rum lasts, when it is too late and starvation follows. 200 natives still remain. The traders see the smoke of steam revenue cutters and escape with their liquor. A sailing vessel could stop the traffic.

The owner of the trotting horse, Young Brutus being too late to properly enter the beast for a race at Great Barrington, Mass., hired a postoffice clerk to set back the date of the stamp on the envelope in which the entrance fee was sent, but the trick was discovered and the horse excluded.

AMERICAN SUPERSTITIONS.

THE following superstitions, handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America: White specks on the nails are luck. Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory. To rock the cradle when it is empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache. The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster. When a mouse gnaws a gown some misfortune may be apprehended. He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in some distant land. Whoever finds a four-leaf trefoil—a shamrock—should wear it for good luck. Beggars' bread should be given to children who are slow to speak. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful. When children play soldiers on the roadside it forebodes war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old. He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom. Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some presents the same day. The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother to insure a new growth of teeth. Buttoning the coat awry, or pulling on stockings inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day. By bending the head to the hollow of the arm, the initial letter of the name of one's future spouse is represented. Women who sow flaxseed should, during the process, tell some lies, otherwise the yarn will never bleach white. When women are stuffing beds the men should not remain in the house, otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks. When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him. The following are omens of death: A dog's scratching on the floor or howling in a particular manner, and owls hooting in the neighborhood of the house. Domestic harmony must be preserved when washing day comes, in order to insure fine weather, which is indispensable, as that ceremony is generally performed out of doors.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—Where husband and wife really love each other, they get along well through all the vicissitudes of life, because one immeasurable source of happiness always remains to them, whatever disasters betide—and that is their unfailing sympathy for each other. Nothing less than this enables a couple to endure with equanimity all the cares, and anxieties and disappointments of married life. Nothing is more common than to see two young persons marry with the approval of the families and all the friends on each side. "What a fortunate match for both of them!" everyone exclaims. To outside appearance such it is. A little time elapses—it may be a few years, it may be only one—when, to the surprise of their acquaintances, it is announced that the marriage has turned out unhappily. The explanation is simple—there was no love between them. There was a degree of friendship, there was a mutual expectation of advantages from the connection—but love there was none. For the ordinary transactions of life respect and friendship are all that are required. It is not in marriage. Nothing there will supply the place of love. The belief that there are substitutes for it is the rock on which many a young couple have trusted their happiness only to find it a total wreck.

BEAUTY OF HINDOO WOMEN.—The Hindoo women, when young, are delicate and beautiful, so far as we can reconcile beauty with the olive complexion. They are finely proportioned; their features soft and regular, and their eyes black and languishing, but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen thirty years. This may be accounted for by the heat of the climate and the customs of the country: as they are often mothers at twelve years of age. No women can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take ever method to render their persons soft, delicate, and attractive. Their ears are bored in many places and loaded with pearls; they have also gold and silver chains round the ankles and an abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among those on the fingers is frequently a small mirror. I think the richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and a Hindoo woman of distinction always seems overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with fewer ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are more captivating: although there very few women, even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriages.

Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.

The young fellow who devotes his time to complimenting the girls, is classed by the census-taker as engaged in the praising.

Of all noble qualities, loving compassion is the noblest.

THE ONLY HOPE.

BY M. U. N.

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
The power must fail and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small,
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

Bertha and Marion.

BY R. A. M.

MARION DELORME'S kind heart was touched by the timid, deprecating look in the soft, dark eyes of Bertha James, that were lifted to hers.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear. I've been very lonely since aunt died. I don't mean to let you go away very soon, either. You know I always said that you should live with me when I was married. Only, I am not married yet."

Bertha looked a little curiously at the face on whose sweet serenity there was not a touch of sadness.

"And what about that handsome young lawyer, Edney, who was so attentive to you the last time I was here? It is not fair for you to keep me in ignorance when I have told you everything."

"There is nothing to tell," said Marion, with a smile and a sigh. "Mr. Edney was poor. Aunt Jane didn't believe in love, you know. She thought people ought not to marry unless they 'bettered their condition,' as she called it. Aunt was old and infirm, and I could not leave her. My lover—if I can call him such—got tired of waiting, I suppose. At all events he went away, and has married since, I have heard. Let us change the subject."

The subject was pretty effectually changed by the entrance of Lucy, Marion's little handmaid, with a letter, whose contents threw her young mistress into a maze of perplexity and astonishment.

They were as follows—

"DEAR MADAM:—You are hereby notified that you have been duly appointed executrix of the estate of Esther Catesby, deceased, and guardian of her grand-nephew and heir.

"You can have all necessary papers and information by calling at the office of Jones & Co., counsellors at law."

"Can it be intended for me?" was Marion's wondering exclamation as she picked up the envelope, on which was written, in a round, clerkly hand—

"Miss Marion Delorme."

"Such a queer letter!" she added, in response to the wide open eyes of her companion, and tossing it into her lap.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Bertha, as she made herself mistress of its contents. "And who is Esther Catesby?"

"She's an old friend of aunt Jane's, I believe. I never saw her but once; and why she should make me executrix and guardian to a boy is more than I know!"

"If it was only a girl, now; you can do most anything with girls," smiled Bertha. "What will you do with him?"

"I've half a mind not to do anything with him," responded Marion.

"That wouldn't do," said Bertha, with a shake of her pretty head.

"I don't know what I shall do with him," sighed Marion. "Of course he'll spoil my garden, hack my furniture, and keep me continually in hot water!"

"He wouldn't be a boy if he didn't do that!" laughed Bertha. "Never mind, Marion; you just turn him over to me. You have two servants, and next to no sewing, and I was afraid that I shouldn't find enough to do to keep me out of mischief. Now, I've found out what my mission is. I rather like boys; and I'll take this one entirely off your hands so that he shan't bother you the least bit in the world."

Though a little dubious in regard to powers she had never seen tested, Marion was not a little cheered by this assurance, together with Bertha's hopeful way of looking at things.

The next morning the two girls started out, bright and early, in the chase for the good old city, five miles distant.

They experienced no difficulty in finding the law office named, and whose only occupant was a young man about twenty five, who was writing at a desk.

"It is Mr. Edney, I do believe!" whispered Bertha.

Rising to his feet, the young lawyer turned towards them a face radiant with surprise and pleasure.

It was too late to retreat, if Marion had wanted to do so, so there was nothing to do but go forward.

"Mr. Jones has stepped out, but will be back shortly," said Mr. Edney, the junior partner of the firm, in reply to her questions.

With these words he ushered the two into an inner office.

Marion's cheeks were very red, but there was a grave expression in her eyes, from which he vainly strove to obtain an answering glance.

Giving Marion a seat by the window, which he lowered for her express benefit, Mr. Edney withdrew, pausing for a moment on the threshold, in the vain hope of receiving a look from the blue eyes that were obstinately bent upon the floor.

"What a pity he's married; he's just as much in love with you as ever!" whispered Bertha, upon whom this little by-play was not lost.

"For shame!" responded Marion, turning very red.

At this moment Mr. Jones entered.

When Marion made known her errand, he stared at her for some moments without speaking.

"Are you Miss Marion Delorme, of Bolton?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Humph! Any one else there of that name?"

"Not that I know of," responded Marion, a little bewildered at this cross questioning, but ending in supposing it to be a lawyer's way.

Then, a moment later—

"The—the boy you mentioned; where is he?"

"Boy?"

"Yes; Mrs. Catesby's grand-nephew."

"Oh, yes. Well, your ward is a pretty big boy, ma'am. I'm expecting him in every minute; then he can speak for himself. Excuse me until then."

And out of the room he darted.

"Did you hear that, Bertha?" faltered Marion, in a tone of dismay. "A big boy! What can I do with him? I've half a mind to—run away."

"Nonsense, Marion; don't be frightened. Didn't I tell you that I'd take charge of him? I'm not afraid of any boy, big or little."

Here a young man entered, who, glancing at the speaker, advanced eagerly towards her.

"Bertha!"

"Harry!"

"I never thought to find you here."

"Nor I you."

Then suddenly remembering Marion, Bertha added—

"Miss Delorme, Mr Smith."

"Also your ward, Mrs. Catesby's grand-nephew," said Mr. Jones, who was just back of him.

"Impossible!" cried Marion, looking in helpless bewilderment at the smiling face that was all of a head higher than her own.

"That is the way the will reads, at all events," said the lawyer, smiling. "Mrs. Catesby had some very peculiar notions; her nephew is twenty one—just your own age, I believe—but he is not to come into possession of his property until he is twenty five, or marry without his guardian's consent. If he's as wilful as most young men on that point, you'll have a lively time of it."

"I'm not in the least wilful; Miss Delorme will have no trouble with me at all," interposed Mr. Smith, whose countenance was expressive of the most serene satisfaction.

"I—I think there must be some mistake," stammered Marion, looking from one to the other.

"That is what I think," said Mr. Jones. "I have a strong suspicion that Mrs. Catesby had in view, when she made her will, your aunt Jane as she was generally called, but whose real name was Marion, and who died about the same time. However, there being no other Marion Delorme in existence, there is no one to dispute your right to the office in question, unless Mr. Smith decides to do so."

"Which I have no intention of doing," was the gallant response. "With one exception"—here he glanced at Bertha—"there is nobody else that I would rather have for a guardian angel."

"I think I shall transfer you to her," laughed Marion. "Ever since I had that letter I've asked myself over and over again what I should do with you; now I've found out. You promised to take him off my hands, you know," she added, turning to Bertha.

Mr. Smith eagerly protested his entire concurrence with this arrangement; and if Bertha was silent, her smiles and blushes were quite as eloquent.

The three now took themselves down the stairs to where the pony-chaise was standing, and Mr. Edney followed.

It was Bertha's turn now.

"I'm going back with Harry," she said, as that individual drew her arm in his. "Judging from appearances, I don't think you'll miss me much."

Guided by that roguish glance, Marion turned towards Mr. Edney, who was standing quietly by the carriage, her eyes very bright with the indignation at her heart.

"Mr. Edney, how is your wife?"

"My wife that is to be—I hope—is very well, thank you. In fact, she never looked so well in my eyes, as now."

Then, in quite another tone—

"I am not married, Marion. And what is more, unless you marry me, I never shall be."

Too happy and bewildered for words, Marion suffered the speaker to assist her into the carriage and take a place by her side.

What was said during the long and delightful drive that followed, is none of our concern, but the satisfactory understanding that resulted from it can be inferred from the double wedding that took place a few weeks later, when Marion became Mrs. Edward Edney, and Bertha Mrs. Harry Smith.

THE MOORISH TEA POT.—There is a good deal of coffee imbibed by the lower classes of citizens in small coffee-houses not frequented by the elite of Moorish society. Almonds are occasionally roasted and ground with the berries, and the mixture is sometimes scented with rose-water. In the towns, too, the water seller's bell seems to tinkle incessantly, as with goatskin waterbag he perambulates the dusty streets in quest of thirsty customers. Milk, especially sour milk, is the pet "quencher" of the country folk. But the green tea is, if not the national, certainly the favorite beverage of the higher classes. Most well-to-do natives take tea both before and after the last three meals of the day; so the reader will be prepared to believe that the consumption of green tea in Morocco is larger, in proportion to the number of its population—say 7,000,000—than in any other country. The tea equipage usually consists of a bright brass tray, elaborately chased, whereon are placed tiny glass tumblers and a small metal pear-shaped tea pot in which is put half a handful of Hyson, with sufficient loaf sugar and boiling water to make thin syrup, often flavored, in lieu of cream, with mint, or marjoram flowers, orange blossoms, citron leaves and blooms, wormwood, or ambergris. To see a Moor calmly sip a dozen or more tumblerfuls of the scalding hot and sickly sweet infusion at one sitting is a sight calculated to inspire the European spectator with a profound admiration of the adamantine nature of native nerves and gullets.

USING PERFUME.—Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India alone consume about 150 000 gallons of handkerchief perfume yearly; that the English revenue from French cologne of itself is $40 000 annually, and the total revenue of England from other imported perfumes is estimated at $200 000 each year. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes in France, which uses yearly about 100 000 pounds of acacia flowers, 140 000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 82 000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, together with an immense quantity of other material used for perfume. The value of flowers in countries adapted to their production may be gathered from the following estimate of their growth and value per acre. An acre of Casmine plants, 80 000 in number, will produce 5 000 pounds of flowers, valued at $1 250; an acre of rose trees, 10 000 in number, will yield 2 000 pounds of flowers, worth $375; 300 orange trees, growing on an acre, will yield, at ten years of age, 2 000 pounds of flowers, valued at $250; an acre of violets, producing 1 600 pounds of flowers, is worth $800; an acre of cassia trees of about 300 will, at three years of age, yield 900 pounds of flowers, worth $450; an acre of geranium plants will yield something over 2 000 ounces distilled attar, worth $4 000; an acre of lavender, giving over 3 500 pounds of flowers for distillation, will yield a value of $1 500.

GOOD BYE.—It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Icy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance, and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, we part and are upon the great ocean of time—we meet—where? God only knows. It may be soon, it may be never. Take care that your good bye be not a cold one; it may be the last you give. Ere you can meet your friend again, death's cold hand may have closed his eyes and chained his lips forever. And he may have died thinking that you loved him not. It may be a long separation. Friends crowd onward and give you their hand. How can you detect in each good bye the love that lingers there; and how you may bear away with you the memory of those words many, many days. We must often separate. Tear not yourself away with careless boldness that defies all love, but make your last words linger—give the heart full utterance—and if tears fall, what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

Two small daughters of a Highland man were viewing from their back window the evening service in a church not far away. They watched the proceedings with intense interest; suddenly the congregation knelt for prayer. "Look, Gracie," said one, "what are they doing now?" "I spect they're feeling for their hats, answered the little one, wisely.

Butcher-shops are joint stock concerns.

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRIC COMPASS.—A mariner's compass has been produced which causes an electric bell to be rung whenever the vessel is off her course. The captain of the ship sets the index hands to a certain angle, allowing the steersman a given latitude for deviation either to port or starboard. Should the ship be steered off her course beyond the limit allowed on either side, an electric alarm bell rings, and continues ringing until the right course is resumed.

GLASS CLOTH.—An account is given in the French journals of improvements in the new and interesting invention—namely, a method of producing a cloth from glass which has some special advantages over ordinary textiles; that is, it is produced in all colors, and of different strengths, and is also incombustible, this latter property rendering it valuable for those who have to work near a fire or flames. It is also adapted for ladies' dresses, and for other purposes, in place of silk, as it is said to be more glossy and lustrous, and is moreover easily washed.

DISEASE GERMS.—A Bavarian investigator, while he retains the idea that the smallest organisms, fungi, are the cause of all infectious diseases, holds that only those germs are dangerous and calculated to infect which enter our organs of respiration with the air we breathe. If this theory should prove true, and find general acceptance, it would be no longer necessary to trouble ourselves about the generation of products of decay in masses of liquid, as in sewers, canals, damp soil, river and spring waters. On the other side every means must be employed to prevent these fungi diffusing through the air as a result of the drying up of such decaying masses.

STAINING PINE.—The following manner is recommended for staining pine to represent black walnut: Put pulverized asphaltum into a bowl with about twice its bulk of turpentine, and set where it is warm, shaking from time to time until dissolved; then strain and apply with either a cloth or a stiff brush. Try a little first, and if the stain be too dark, thin it with turpentine. If desirable to bring out the grain still more, give a coat of boiled oil and turpentine. When the wood is thoroughly dry, polish with a mixture of two parts shellac varnish and one part boiled oil. Apply by putting a few drops at a time on a cloth and rubbing briskly over the wood.

VISIBLE SPEECH.—Professor Bell, by means of the drum in a human ear, cut from a dead subject, has succeeded in producing a phonautograph. The ear is placed in the end of an ordinary speaking trumpet; on speaking into the trumpet the drum is set in motion; this moves the style; the style traces the effect on a plate of smoked glass; and by means of a camera the curves and lines can be exhibited to a large number of spectators. The five vowels make different curves; and according to Mr. Bell, there is no such thing as a sound or tone pure and simple, but each is a composite of a number of tones, and the wavelets by which these are produced can also be shown on a screen. Tables of various symbols have been drawn up, and found useful for educational purposes, as was demonstrated by a young deaf and dumb pupil from a Boston Institution, who interpreted the symbols at sight.

Farm and Garden.

CRANBERRIES.—A Western journal recommends the growing of cranberries in the garden. A pound of bone dust to the square yard is the manure. In April, May, or June, or in October or November, set out the plants four inches apart in rows six inches asunder in beds four feet wide. Two square rods yield four or five bushels, and require 2 000 plants. The vines will soon cover the ground and require no renewal, as the plant is a perennial shrub.

PIG FEEDING.—Feed pigs regularly, as abundance of food will not make up for the loss arising from irregular feeding. Pigs know their feeding times very accurately, and nothing regards their feeding so much as allowing them to be anxiously waiting their anticipated regular meal. Mix a little salt with their food; keep the troughs and animals clean, their sties and beds dry and warm. Vary the bill of fare; in doing so, however, be careful not to lower the general standard of the diet.

A HEN'S CAPACITY.—A German naturalist answers the question how many eggs a hen can possibly lay, as follows: The ovary of a hen contains about 620 embryo eggs, of which, in the first year, no more than twenty are matured. The second year produces 120; the third, 135; the fourth, 111; and in the following four years the number decreases by twenty yearly. In the ninth year only ten eggs can be expected, and thus it appears that after the first four years hens cease to be profitable as layers.

TO PRESERVE DECAYING TREES.—Those who may be anxious to preserve old and decaying trees, may be glad to try the following method: In preference to plugging them with concrete, make a plug of oak, or other hard wood, smear it with tar, and hammer it tight into the hole until its outer surface is on the same level as the bole. If there is any recuperative power left in the tree, the bark will soon grow over the plug, and the wound be perfectly healed, which will never happen with the concrete process.

PROTECTION OF ANTS.—An eminent Italian authority in speaking of the cultivation of fruit trees, says that the cultivators of Mantua are in the habit of forming a colony of ants every spring time at the foot of each olive tree, with the certainty that the trees will remain untouched by other insects. The general opinion is that ants are enemies to fruit trees, but it has long since been proved that they destroy larvæ and chrysalides, and that they do not touch the fresh fruit, but only such as has been pecked by the birds. The opinion is fast gaining ground that orchards would be greatly benefitted by the preservation of ant nests.

OATS FOR HORSES.—A saving may be effected in the consumption of oats for horses by simply soaking them in tepid water. Practical experiments which have been made to show that by this method the rations for each animal may be reduced one-third. Horses whose teeth have seen their best days masticate the grain in its ordinary condition inefficiently, and younger animals often eat so greedily that the greater portion of it is swallowed whole. This waste may be obviated by the simple method recommended, which so far softens the grain that it is more completely masticated and digested, and consequently yields more nutriment. Three hours is a sufficient length of time to soak the grain, provided the water is not too cold.

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TOILING UPWARDS.

UP-HILL work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once; literally, it is going forward while we raise our own weight; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some cases an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But, happily, it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type of the depraved tendencies of the human heart. There is a time for all things, says the wise man; and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learnt. There is a time for scrambling upwards, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley; a time for climbing the fruit trees, and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths. Even Christian, who was not the man to flinch from his share of climbing, found rest and refreshment in the Valley of Humiliation, and it would be a poor view of life which valued nothing that was not gained by the sweat of our brow.

Let life tend ever so steadily upward in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labor be ever so strenuously directed towards higher and higher levels of entertainment, still there will be in the outward life pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxation of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils, and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire, if we can; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to have any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness.

IT is not charity to give a penny to a street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man out of employment for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a seamstress to starvation price; to let her sit in wet clothing, sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration, if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relative into your family and make her a slave to all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to turn a man out into the street with his family, because he cannot pay his rent. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air any patronage, as if God had made you the rich man, of a different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—not though you bestow your alms by thousands.

A SOUR godliness chills every bud of hope about us; a sunny soul kindles into a glow of life and freshness the whole circle in which it moves.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IN India, during the year 1877, according to statistics just published, 19 695 people were killed—44 by elephants, 819 by tigers, 200 by leopards, 85 by bears, 564 by wolves, 24 by hyenas, 1 180 by other wild animals, and 16 777 by snakes. Fifty-three thousand cattle, moreover, succumbed in the fight. On the other side, under stimulus of a reward amounting to more that $50,000, 22 851 wild beasts, and 127,295 snakes have been killed, a large total in itself, but small when the losses man and domestic animals have sustained are taken into consideration.

—

WHEN men commit suicide they usually seek as painless and expeditious a method as possible, but we find on record an instance totally at variance with this rule. A young Russian, being disappointed in love, actually stretched his naked body on a bare bedstead under which he had placed some lighted candles, and so slowly burned himself to death, the spine being completely carbonized. Despite his agony the man actually left behind him a record of his motives and his sufferings. Victor Hugo never wrote a more ghastly picture than did this love-crazed wretch.

—

MRS. BOOTH, wife of "General" Booth, the leading chieftain of the "Salvation Army" in England, says that people who attend the meetings of the "Hallelujah Lasses" from motives of curiosity, are ultimately compelled to attend regularly, as God gets "his hook into their jaws." It appears, according to the General's wife, that there are 120 corps and 180 officers in the army. Of speakers there are 3 458, and the sinews of war, by means of which an eternal struggle is carried on against the world, the flesh and the devil, are supplied at the rate of $100,000 per annum.

—

A LEARNED German doctor has discovered a means of dyeing the eyes of animals in general, and of men in particular, any color that he pleases. He is accompanied on his travels of propagation by a dog with a rose-colored eye, a cat with an orange-red eye, and a monkey with a chrome-yellow eye. But the most curious specimens of his art are a negro with one black eye and the other blue, and a negress with one eye gold-colored and the other silver-white. The doctor says the process and ocular transformation, far from injuring the sight, strengthens and improves it.

—

CONCERNING Mrs. Elizabeth Abercrombie, an old lady living in Laurens county, S. C., who died a few days ago, the Charleston News says: "She was one of the very few who could say, on a given occasion, 'Rise, daughter, go to thy daughter, thy daughter has a daughter.' Mrs. Abercrombie's daughter Sally is a widow. Sallie's daughter is also a widow with a grown daughter, making four generations and three widows who live in the same house. The two old ladies were not able to do anything. The two younger ladies did all the field work, ploughing and hoeing the fields. They have made good crops and supported themselves since the war by their own labor, without the assistance of any male help.

—

AN entirely new pastime has been invented in England for country houses in the shape of tea-tray tobogginning. The way of it is thus described by a correspondent of Vanity Fair: "You take a tea tray to the top of a good flight of stairs, sit in it, hold on to the sides of the tray with both hands, and let yourself go! If you manage well you slide down the whole flight of stairs quickly and easily, and bring up on the landing at the bottom; if you don't manage it properly, you turn round when part of the way down, and get a good crumpler. The advantage of this game is that ladies can play at it, and in the house where I saw it played they tobogginned far better than the men, who generally lost their tray and themselves half way down the stairs."

—

A FEW weeks ago Prince Bismarck took offense at a caricature that appeared in the leading satirical journal of Vienna, the Kikiriki, and had it prohibited throughout the German Empire for a period of two years. This measure was more severe than wise; for friend Kikiriki has since excited the mirth of the Vienna public at the Prince's expense in each of its bi-weekly issues. The last caricature of the great man was particularly successful. Prince Bismarck was represented in the costume of Blondin, who is performing there at present, strutting along a tight rope with a female in his arms, and on the dress of the latter was written "Austria." Underneath was the following explanation: "Here is another famous tight-rope dancer, but he not unfrequently lets his burden fall before he gets to the other end." Prince Bismarck, who cannot stand criticism, completely loses his temper in presence of ridicule.

—

BASING his opinions on what he regards as the legitimate teaching of the doctrine of heredity, a writer in the *Journal of Science*, believes that the criminal legislation of the future—unless dominated by those who pander to crime—will do something like this: The lineage and connections of every offender, and especially of every habitual criminal, will be carefully scrutinized, and all surviving members will be subjected to an unobtrusive but penetrating scrutiny. The younger members of the race will be as far as possible, surrounded with such moral and religious influences as will most effectually check and counteract their probable inbred tendency to crime. Courts of justice, he says, will have their criminal genealogists, whose records will shed a new and most valuable light on not a few unsolved problems both of biology and of mental science.

—

A NOSE show lately took place in Vienna, which, although, perhaps, not patronized by the elite of Viennese society, excited none the less the amusement and interest of the public. The long dancing room of the old inn, "Zur Bretze," was the scene of the competition, which lasted from midnight till four A. M. Every one, on entering the room in which the "noses" were assembled in merry "symposium," received a ticket, which, after due deliberation, he presented to the nose of his choice, and the holder of the greatest number of these tickets, when four A. M. arrived, was declared winner. Here sat an ostler, famed in his parrish for the long, snout like proboscis with which Nature had furnished him, while next him and engaged in pleasant banter with a rival competitor, sat the renowned Reicher, the flaker, whose rubicund and raspberry-like organ can be seen like the red lamp of a railway train as he dashes through the streets behind his pair of fast trotters.

—

IT is the rule of the Lord Chamberlain's office at London to send to the Queen's jewelers for valuation all the ornaments which are found in the palace after a court ball or concert. The day after the last State ball a gentleman came down to the office and inquired for a diamond necklace which his wife had lost at the ball the night before. The chief clerk assured him that no diamond necklace had been found; whereupon the husband proceeded to expatiate on the enormous sum which he had given for the necklace, with a description of its various beauties. The clerk listened in silence with much apparent sympathy, and just as the loser was taking his leave quietly remarked, 'It is a very odd coincidence, but your necklace was of the same pattern as a paste ornament which has been pronounced of so little value that it was not worth advertising." The paste necklace was produced, and it ended by the gentleman signing a receipt for it, which involved swallowing a large mouthful of humble pie after his circumstantial description of the cost of it.

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THE French, so calm and precise when treating of scientific subjects, are notoriously untrustworthy when they come to write about military events. Victor Hugo's romance of Waterloo was almost equalled in absurdity by Lamartine's account of the battle, in which we are told how Napoleon stood over a shell on the point of bursting in order to encourage the army, as if the whole army could see him performing this ridiculous feat; and how he made his cavalry—the whole of them apparently—dismount and unfasten the curb-chains of their horse's bridles, in order to give greater impetus to their charge. Thiers' accounts, also, of any battles in which the French were engaged are for the most part thoroughly untrustworthy. It is an article of faith with English people that the French cavalry actually charged the squares at Waterloo, and were repulsed at the point of the bayonet; and we have been told over and over again that the troops in most battles go through the campaign with compressed lip and flashing eye.

—

THE latest fashionable French folly appears to be in the direction of false hair for little girls. They are made to wear ridiculous quantities of it, hanging down their backs. "I sold the other day," a *coiffeur* said to a critic, "to a Countess, a chignon for 190 francs for herself, and a tail for mademoiselle, who is not more than nine years old, for 340 francs. You do not suppose the splendid heads of hair which you see on the little girls playing on the sands are their own? All that belongs to them is what forms the single braid behind. The rest was supplied by their mothers' *coiffeurs*." Extravagance in the dressing of children is run riot abroad, and they have become luxuries that entail the costliest penalties. "At Dinard," somebody writes to the London Truth, "there is an English lady, whose juvenile daughter is attended by a French governess, two maids, is dressed and undressed, redressed in the morning, at noon, for supper, and for the children's ball at the Casino. If the worm of vanity does not eat into this human bud, and blight it before it has time to blossom, I shall wonder with great admiration."

—

THE Worsted Church, of Canterbury N. H., is one of the curiosities of that state. The interior is a mosaic of needle work of vines, flowers and decorations of worsted in all colors and designs. Crocheted lambrequins cover the curtains at each window, and baskets filled with zephyr wool flowers hang from the centre. Harps, crosses, anchors, wreaths of flowers and festoons of vines are placed between the large tables of artistic designs gracing the walls like ancient tapestry, and inscribed with scriptural sentences. These tablets and inscriptions are composed of various colored crimped tissue papers upon a background of cloth. The lettering is well executed, and no two inscriptions are in the same character. An immense ornament of flowers and drapery is suspended from the centre of the ceiling with two large arches of flowers spanning the interior of the church. The flowers look so fresh that the beholder is almost tempted to pluck a regal lily, a blushing rose, a radiant dahlia, a modest forget-me-not, or the lily of the valley with its fairy bells. Who has done all this work? A young widow, who made a work-room of an apartment near the entrance of the church, and who not only decorated the walls during the week, but conducted service every sunday for five years.

—

THE summer has been so rainy in England, country houses have been dismal in the extreme, and fashionable society has been forced to novel expedients for passing the dreary rainy days. They got up picnics, but, of course, could not go out of doors, so some one of the large rooms was chosen for the grounds. Sometimes the picture gallery was selected; sometimes the gamekeeper's cottage; sometimes the dairy; but the most popular place was the kitchen. Here everybody would come with all the regalia of the picnic, and they tried very hard to imagine they were in the open air. At one house they gave all the servants a holiday, and the ladies and gentlemen undertook the work. This ruse was rated the jolliest fun imaginable. The gentlemen acted as gamekeepers and grooms, and the ladies were the cooks and chambermaids. A countess achieved an immense triumph with an omelette, and the most complete failure was that of a duke as gardener, who, stopping to answer a question, turned his watering hose full in the face of a county magnate. A member of Parliament was also the cause of some confusion by going to take an afternoon nap when it was supposed he was in the stable feeding the horses. At a mansion in Cheshire they gave what was termed a "horticultural fancy ball." Every one came as a flower, a fruit, or a vegetable. This entertainment was a great hit. Some of the costumes were beautiful; many were quaint, and showed much originality. The rose, the violet, the cyclamon were among the former, and the onion, the cauliflower, and the cucumber were among the latter.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

An old-time tale—a gentle, pleasing story
By poets told and unknown ages sung,
Of princess fair, sleep bound in castle hoary,
Awaiting waking by her true-love's tongue.
A laurelled prince who comes in royal seeming
To rule her heart and life a love-crowned king,
And speak the word which lights her to a dreaming
Of joy and hope that only he can bring.

How old the tale and yet how new 'tis ever!
As sweet and winsome as in long ago.
The castle strange, the maid awaking never
Till Love doth wake her, see we high and low.
For Beauty is but as in Death's cold sleeping
Until she learns of passion's varied strife,
Or he, whose heart has gone into her keeping,
Within her soul awakes the worth of life.

A Diamond Ring.

BY G. A. G.

"IT is the chance of your life, Harold. Who knows that you might not live to be a rich man, if you would only take this offer?"

"Mother, don't say any more about it. My mind is made up."

"Made up, is it, Harold? Then let me hear if it is for good or bad."

A laughing third voice interposed, and across the open threshold stepped a girl, fair, ladylike and eminently happy-looking.

Smiling she glanced from mother to son, then colored sensitively and drew back.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dunbar. The door was open, so in I came, but if you are busy now I can call again. It was only to ——"

"Don't go, Millicent, my dear," said Mrs. Dunbar, wiping her tear-stained face. "You know we have no secrets from you. Perhaps I am making too much of this trouble, but it seems such a glorious chance thrown away. The gentleman I told you about, who admired Harold's writing so much in the office last week, has offered him a situation ninety boys in a hundred would do anything to go in, his own counting-house in Adelaide. It would be just the 'Open sesame' to a fortune."

"And Harold doesn't care to go?"

Millicent turned wonderingly to the handsome, resolute boy.

"It is no question of caring, Miss Morton," he said, firmly choking back the sadness that tried to get into the clear, boyish tones. "It is just that I cannot leave my mother here behind me with no creature to live with her. She and I are all alone in the world, you know, and must not separate."

"And couldn't Mrs. Dunbar go out with you?"

"That is what we cannot afford," said the widow, giving way to her weak, depressing tears again. "It would take every halfpenny that we could possibly scrape together to send Harold out as he should go. My passage is out of the question; but oh, dear! oh, dear! isn't it hard?"

"It does seem hard," said sympathetic Millicent, tenderly. "I wish with all my heart it was in my power to help you. How much would it cost?"

"Mrs. Dunbar named the sum, and Millicent saw how useless it was to say any more. A few cheering words she tried to utter; then, when she took her leave, Harold walked with her to the garden gate.

"Will you try and make mother dwell less on this, Miss Morton?" he said, gently. "She thinks so very much of all you say to her, that perhaps——"

Millicent interrupted him quickly.

"You speak only of your mother. Is this no disappointment to you Harold?"

"It would be if I gave way to it perhaps." He turned away a moment. "But, Miss Morton, don't you see clearly that my duty is to stay with my lonely, delicate mother, for I know better than she what my leaving would mean to her—it would be her death."

Millicent did not contradict him, for she knew how Mrs. Dunbar's life was bound in her son's.

As she stooped to pick up her dress, the sun caught and flashed among the diamonds on her ungloved hand, and she started.

"Perhaps her accompanying you may be arranged yet, Harold."

"Don't, please!" he retorted, hastily. "False hopes are not kindness. No; I'll go grinding on in the old way, and see what comes of that. Good bye, Miss Morton!"

But, two days later, Millicent Morton fairly burst into the little parlor where Mrs. Dunbar sat alone.

"Harold has not finally refused the Western offer, has he?—because, Mrs. Dunbar, I've brought you the money for your trip with him, and I look upon your fortunes as made!"

It wasn't true—it couldn't be true—the widow urged and argued against her overpowering joy; but the crisp bank notes were lying in her lap and Millicent's sweet whispers yet ringing in her ear.

"It is a gift, not a loan that will weigh you down with thoughts of its repayment!—a gift, dear Mrs. Dunbar, as a trifling mark of gratitude from the pupil to whom you were so motherly years ago?"

When Harold came slowly in from his office, he heard and saw quite in silence; and when his mother's expressions of joy and thankfulness were perforce exhausted, remarked, slowly, "I met Miss Morton just outside the gate, and noticed she was not wearing her diamond ring!"

As Millicent went tripping home in the sunshine and bright consciousness of the hearts she had lightened that day, she met a gentleman, who turned, without a word of permission, to accompany her, and who said, almost as soon as they had exchanged common place greetings, "I have been searching for this chance for days, Miss Morton—this chance of asking you a question!"

"Yes?" She turned her clear, inquiring eyes on his, and waited, unsuspectingly.

"You may consider it somewhat premature; I do not. Our acquaintance has been slight and short, certainly; but I read characters very much at first sight, and act swiftly accordingly."

"Yes?" she said again, thinking, as she had often done before, what a peculiarity this dark, foreign-looking client of her father's was, and wondered if she did right in disliking him.

"And my question to day is—will you confer on me the honor of becoming my wife?" the harsh monotone went calmly on, and the girl fairly jumped, then trembled vividly. "I am awaiting my answer," her companion said, as the pause grew very long, and Millicent tried to summon up some kind of voice.

"You have taken me so completely by surprise, Mr. Larne. I never dreamed of your doing me such a honor, but ——"

"You will think it over at leisure, and give me your reply say, to-morrow, at this time and place," he interposed, composedly, with none of the disadvantageous nervousness of the ordinary lover in suspense.

"I can give you to day the only answer I could give to morrow or any day," the girl said very hastily and still trembling. "I have no choice but to refuse your offer, Mr. Larne, because I am already engaged."

"You have given someone a prior promise of marriage—may I ask whom?"

"Stanley Harcute!" very low and with much crimson.

"Ah, but engagements are, like promises, broken occasionally. Will you not reconsider your decision?"

She shook her head.

"I could not possibly."

"I know Mr. Harcute slightly. He is, perhaps, the better-looking man of the two; but I am infinitely the richer. Does not that consideration tempt you?"

"Indeed, no!" indignantly.

Mr. Larne's cold, glittering eyes had never moved from the pretty flushed face since the conversation had begun. Still in the same voice that had no expression he went on, "Life with me would be far brighter than with him. I could give you jewels, carriages, glitter. You would have but to wish, and though from me you might not be over-burdened with quite such double-distilled vows and protestations as you have grown accustomed to hearing, I should be unswervingly true to the affection you created that first day I beheld you in your father's drawing room. Do you remember?"

She remembered it perfectly, as she glanced up momentarily, met his steady gaze, and averted her own again. She remembered the injunction her father had given her to be civil to this man of wealth, and how dutifully she had striven to obey him. Ah, if she had fore-pictured this result?

"Of course I do not doubt your truth and kindness," she faltered, piteously. "But I cannot marry any one I do not really thoroughly love. Under no circumstances could I do that, even were I not engaged, as I tell you, to Mr. Harcute."

"Before I consider your determination final, let me ask if you have no dread of making me, a man of money (which is power, mind you,) your—no, Mr. Harcute's enemy?" he suggested, in a whisper, that, soft as it was, chilled Millicent's heart, and turned her pale.

"I want no one my enemy. I would like to be friendly with you always, if you would let me; but—but surely, Mr. Larne, you never could be so cowardly as to consider him your enemy, and wish to injure a man who is simply——"

"My successful rival," he finished, coolly. "It seems unnatural, doesn't it? But nothing is too unnatural to be true, some old wisdom tells us. Well, remembering that, is your reply still the same—you absolutely refuse me?"

"I can do nothing else," she said, sorrowfully, but very firmly.

He raised his hat, and left her.

She was pale and troubled as she entered the house; was troubled throughout the dinner—from which her father was absent on business—and pale, with still those soft, meaning words ringing in her head as she stood later by the open window to await her lover's daily visit.

Stanley Harcute was later than he had ever been since their engagement, and on his handsome, usually bright face rested a cloud Millicent had never seen there before.

"Business is worrying you, Stanley," she said, with a woman's quick sympathetic instinct. "Is it anything you can tell me, dear?"

"On the contrary, something you can tell me," he retorted, ignoring the little hand on his shoulder and the sweet face so near his own. "What were you and Larne talking about, with heads so close and voices low, down Rose Lane this afternoon? What were you doing down that way at all, where it was so unlikely I should ever be?"

She moved her hand, and answered, coldly, "I was coming from Mrs. Dunbar's, and Mr. Larne overtook me. If you insist on knowing our conversation, I suppose it is my duty to tell you. He made me an offer, and I——"

But she had no chance to finish her sentence, for, with a cry like an enraged animal's, he caught at her hand resting on the sill, and flung it from him.

"You need not finish! Where is your ring—your diamond, I mean, that you always wear above the one I gave you?—as much a pledge that of our betrothal as the other."

"My engaged ring is here, Stanley."

She held up her finger, with its sapphire wreath; but though the little hand was shivering in its terror and pain, he did not offer to touch it.

"That is no answer to my question. It was your diamond ring I asked for."

"It is a long story," she faltered, guiltily, coloring, and then paling again, as he said, savagely,—

"One I can tell in a very few words. You have given it to Larne as a pledge of that you will give him, too—your broken faith and your perjured self!"

He was blind with passion, or he would have heeded her when, with a little wailing cry, she sank back in amazed agony.

"You must be mad, Stanley, to say such bitter, cruel, unjust, false things! I refused Mr. Larne this very day, and——"

"How comes he wearing your ring, then, pray?"

"He is not doing anything of the sort!" passionately.

"Oh, excuse me, I know it too well for that untruth to have any chance!"

"Mr. Larne had no ring on his hand this afternoon!" she cried, in her miserable perplexity.

"Until you presented him with yours, I presume not!"

"Stanley, what am I to say?"

The poor girl burst into tears; and half mad with jealousy as Harcute was, her distress softened him just a little.

Had Miss Morton possessed the proper spirit and pride to resent his unjust accusations, and refuse the explanation his taunts certainly did not deserve, had one spark of temper mingled in her wretchedness, those two hearts, loving each other as truly and wholly as two fond, jealous hearts ever did, might have parted that day in a cloud of misery and misunderstanding, to meet again when, and only when, the crowds of others, longing and resentful, suffering and proud, that have wrecked their dearest hopes in just such a storm, shall come together, and know that which, on earth, they would not read; but, happily for Stanley Harcute's, equally with her own happiness, Millicent had no proper spirit, and little temper. Luckily, she was only a clinging, loving, trusting woman, who had taken no shield of aggressive, self wounding pride in exchange for the heart she had given so entirely away, and whose wise thought now was rather to clear herself from her lover's accusations than resent the injustice of them.

When she wailed, "what am I to say, Stanley?" and he answered, crushingly, "The truth, if you can make up your mind to speak it," she crept up to him forgivingly; and, with her tearful eyes, and their depths of truth that even a madman could not question raised unfalteringly to his piercing gown to read them, told a story that any man might be proud to hear from his future wife.

"You were away, Stanley, or I would have asked your advice before I sold my ring. Had I dreamed of Mr. Larne's being its purchaser, I think, even for Mrs. Dunbar's sake, I should not have parted from it. If you do not believe me, Stanley, then go to the jeweler who sold it for me, and hear the whole truth from him."

She finished her plaintive appeal; but, to the credit of his jealous manhood be it said, he believed her earnest words and innocent eyes without the farther proof she offered.

"I am a jealous, mad brute!" he informed her, candidly. "There is only one preventive for the recurrence of such trials for you as this scene has been. Marry me out of hand, Millicent, and then Larne may walk about with all the ornaments you possess in his hands. I shall know you are mine. It would be proper punishment, too, for the sneaking wretch" (this when she demurred and argued a little) "who laid a plot to produce this quarrel between us—I know that ring was no accidental acquisition—and that certainly might have ruined my happiness if you had not been the angel that you are."

And perhaps such idea of requital was too tempting—perhaps Millicent felt that a recurrence of the scene she had just passed through must be prevented at any cost.

Anyhow, she gave way at last, as he pressed his point; and, before the next month had expired, Mr. Larne heard that the girl he had determined to marry had become Stanley Harcute's wife.

It was a sweet picture of domestic happiness on which the July sun was shining on the anniversary of the day that had seen Millicent's and her husband's one and only quarrel.

Down into the river, glimmering and shimmering, the drooping willows swayed and dipped their boughs. Up in little rippling starts the fish leaped in their catching play beneath. Moored half in the sun and half in the shade was the handsome boat, whose perfect appointments spoke so plainly the wealth and style of its owners seated within. It was a fishing excursion presumably, or an afternoon's careless luxurious enjoyment.

In the bow sat Harcute, smoking, resting, contemplating. In the stern were grouped Millicent and her pretty children; little Stanley, bright eyed and in motional importance with his father's fishing-rod; Minnie restless and winning, and given by her quick, thoughtless motions to great disturbance of her brother's sport.

In the distance lay quiet fields and cattle, a boat-house nearer, and rarely a gurgling, passing-boat. One swept on under shadow of the trees, and no one but wide-awake Minnie noticed it.

"Mamma," she said, eagerly, leaning forward with a jerk that was bad for little Stanley, "there is the man in that boat that stopped us with nurse yesterday walking on the tow-path."

"Stopped you, Minnie! Who was he?"

"A dark, ugly, man," said the child decidedly. "He asked nurse who we were, and then said to me, 'Give a message to your mother, my dear.'"

"Well, dear, you never gave it."

"No, mamma. He said, 'How should you like papa to go to prison?'"

Only the child's idle, doubtless mistaken, prattle; but a great, cold stab seem to pierce Millicent through and through, and involuntarily she glanced up with white cheeks and wide eyes to her husband opposite.

He threw away his finished cigar with a negligently scornful smile.

"Next time you see that gentleman, little Minnie," he said, "tell him mamma doesn't know yet; but she will tell him when she has tried it."

"It is getting quite cold, Stanley, I think," said Mrs. Harcute, shivering a little; "and it is time the children went into tea."

For days and days afterwards did Millicent unfailingly question her children each time they returned from their walk, had they seen that gentleman again who spoke to them once before; but each time they cheerfully answered no, and her uneasiness and alarm that were so vague began to fade for lack of food, and the blow was but the harder crash when it came.

It came one peaceful, balmy evening as she was dressing for a dinner party, and the carriage waited at the door.

"What can make Stanley so late home?" she wondered, dismissing her maid when her toilette was completed, and stepping into her husband's dressing room to see if by any possibility he could have entered it unheard.

To her intense surprise he was there, seated at the table, with no pretence of beginning his toilette, his hands supported his head, and his eyes fixed on a something his elbow hid.

He never moved at her entrance, or when gliding noiselessly round behind him she leaned over his shoulder.

But the light caught that something his eyes were riverted on, and with a faint, wild sob, her hand flashed over and seized it.

Then he stirred, and slowly raised his face—haggard, despairing, and terrible—to hers.

"Stanley, dear, what are you doing?" she asked, clutching yet for support with her disengaged hand, but commanding perfectly her every day, musical voice, and essaying a smile.

He laughed slightly, and a moan would have been pleasanter to hear.

"Pondering whether to blow out my useless brains or wear them for a little new experience. What is your advice, my love?"

Ah! but a woman's weakness can be a giant's strength when pure, unselfish love is its armor.

With a quick, unsuspected movement, Millicent laid the pistol in the drawer, whose key she turned and slipped into her pocket; then bending over her husband again, twined her arms around the head she raised to pillow on the heart whose every beat was for him alone.

"Tell me all about it?" speaking again quite firmly and naturally. "Why have I known nothing of this before?"

"Such entrancing knowledge I should naturally be in haste to impart!" he retorted,

bitterly. "But my excuse must be that I only learnt the full of it myself to-day."

She stooped to press her soft, cool lips to his feverish brow.

"Let me hear it now, Stanley?"

Then she heard it; the wild speculations that had risked all in their blind love of gold—risked and lost!

The utter ruin that meant losses to others and disgrace to himself; the prison that was no meaningless word now, and his wife and children.

"Millicent," he cried, in the depths of a despair that can overpower a man but once, "how can I live and know what I have brought you and them to? Let me put the finishing stroke to my madness, and expiate my guilt with my own hand? You will be better without me now, wife. I am only a disgrace, from which you can never free yourself!"

"You are my husband," she answered in her sweet, solemn tones; "the father of my children, taught to love and reverence your name! Could they do that, Stanley, if you branded it eternally by this most cowardly crime, the ending with your own hands the life you have no more right to take than has the murderer his victim's—the life with which you may yet redeem the past?"

With her sweet, holy faith she had calmed him, with her tender caresses and unfaltering love she upheld him, even when the worst came, and the officers of justice, who could but do their duty, in spite of their pity for, and admiration of, the lady, whose like they said they had never met, had guarded Harcute to the prison, from which there seemed little hope of his release.

Then, for her children's sake, she bore up still, willingly surrendering everything, working for their maintenance and her own, visiting her husband in his confinement, and cheering him even there by her gentle strength.

"I seem to be entirely at the mercy of one man now!" Harcute told her one day, when she found him excitedly pacing to and fro. "Two or three curious changes have come about lately, and there seems to me now the possibility that if this man could be persuaded to temporize, show mercy, as he well might to a wretch as down as I, things might be better!"

"Oh, Stanley," the poor wife gasped in the sudden reaction from despair to hope, "could I ask him anything?—would it be any use?"

"It is our only chance. I don't believe the man lives who could refuse a request for mercy made by such lips," he said tenderly, glancing down on the slight form his arms were enfolding. "I have been loth to mention it to you, unwilling to submit you to what I knew you would so readily undertake; but this prison drudgery makes me more selfish than ever. Millicent, and not until I am free have I any chance of proving my gratitude to the wife——"

"That will do!" she smilingly interrupted, laying her hand on his lips. "Your compliments are growing so profuse, Stanley, I think nothing at all of them. Tell me this man's name and address, quick. Oh, my dearest, if I should succeed!"

"His name I do not exactly know, or have forgotten; his address, as my solicitor gave me it, is this," handing her the slip of paper.

Woman like, she went home and made a careful, studied and becoming toilet, ere, with beating heart and face that was now flushed in hope and now white in fear, she wended her way to the residence of the man at whose mercy her husband lay. It was his business address, she found; and he was there, one of the clerks told her. Sending up her name, she found herself ushered up at once after it into a large, pleasant room divided by folding-doors, partly ajar. The clerk closed the door behind him, and as the visitor tried to steady her steps forward, the man at the table rose and confronted her with a species of smile. "I have been expecting this visit, Mrs. Harcute. You are welcome," he said. She knew the voice instantly; knew the man. Fifteen years had altered Mr. Larne's dark, thin face but little; deepened the eyes, perhaps, tightened the sneering lips, thrown a wrinkle here and there—nothing more. Ten years had not improved him, but they had left him much the same. "It is you." Millicent gasped with the reaction from hope to hopelessness wailing out in that emphasised syllable, and he bowed courteously at her recognition.

"Yes. I am proud you have not forgotten me. I have been anticipating the honor of this visit, as I said, for some time. Now will you tell me its purport?"

Gracefully handing her a chair, he disposed himself comfortably in another, his eyes, more glittering than ever, fixed upon her face as they had been once before.

"I thought it was of a stranger I was coming to entreat mercy!" she faltered. "But, Mr Larne, surely you will not have the heart to refuse me. You know my husband's position, and mine—I implore clemency in our sore need. One has never cause to regret a charitable action, and this would be truest charity indeed, for you——"

"Excuse my interrupting you, dear lady," he said, with a mocking smile. "Your position embarrasses me. Let me see—ah! yes, I was about to remark that although your memory honored me, it appears to have forgotten the principal episode of our long ago acquaintance—a certain walk and conversation you, Millicent Morton then, had with myself"—she bowed her head with her breath drawn hard and fast—"in which I warned you the enemy you would make for your husband, and you despised the warning. It is late in the day for you to come now."

Then she interrupted in her turn, facing him suddenly and erect with proud, contemptuous scorn in every feature. "And I am to understand that you have been mean and pitiful enough, dastardly and cringing enough, to plot, and dissemble, and wait for this? You have treasured up malicious remembrance of an imaginary wrong until you could wreak this vengeance upon me through him! You have stored your spite for fifteen years, to hurl it upon me at my weakest moment, and call yourself a man! If you were a fair sample of your sex, thankful indeed should I feel to be a woman."

He bit his thin lips, that were smiling nevertheless.

"You state the case very fairly, only omitting a few particulars, with which, doubtless, you are not acquainted. Allow me to supply them. Tired of the petty injuries it was alone in my power to do your husband the first two years after your marriage, I determined as you say to wait for an opportunity of dealing a heavier blow. When his speculative mania increased with success, I (as you pleasantly put it) dissembled, and, under cover of others' names, lured him on to what I knew must ultimately prove ruin for himself and you. My foreknowledge was correct, you see, his fate (and yours as bound in it, I apprehend) awaits my pleasure, and you are here, as you say, to entreat that I will be merciful!"

Stung to madness by his insolence, and the sneering smile with which it was uttered, Millicent flashed round upon him like an outraged queen.

"I ask nothing at such hands as yours; and rather a thousand times would I pass through my husband's sufferings, aggravated as your bitterest malice could suggest, than have it in my power to make you boast to-day that you have knowingly lured a human soul to what might have been worse than death!"

So far, in clear, ringing tones, with head proudly high, and eyes contemptuously fastening his; then the majesty failed, and the proud scorn fled, as into the mother's heart rushed the sudden memory of childish voices and fair hair, bright faces and wondering eyes, that were waiting now for the happy news she had promised to bring.

"Oh, my children!" she wailed, sinking down in an agony of voiceless sobs. "For their sake, Mr Larne, I humble myself to the very dust! For their sake I ask your forgiveness for the words I have just uttered! For their sake I beg again"—the words almost choked her, but she whispered them forth—"for mercy for their father!"

"I will give you your final answer to-morrow," he responded, coldly. "I have a partner who must be consulted on this matter."

"He is here to be consulted now, Larne," said a grave voice from the folding doors opening wider to admit a gentleman, handsome, distinguished looking, and younger than Larne. "I came in while you were out," he answered his partner's astonished look carelessly; "and this lady entered immediately after yourself. I have been too interested in your conversation to interrupt it sooner. I presume this is the business you were speaking of to me this morning, Larne—Harcute's failure?"

"It is?"

"And this morning I said, 'Take your own way in the matter;' this afternoon I say, 'I take mine!' Mrs. Harcute," his voice and manner softened as he turned to the agitated lady, "you do not know me, I see. Fifteen years makes alterations, and unless Mr Larne had happily chanced to speak of you as the former Millicent Morton, I might never have recognised in Mrs. Harcute the lady I have vainly been seeking ever since my return to England."

From his pocket he drew a small case, and opening it, produced the diamond ring Millicent had worn as a girl.

"I bought it back of Larne," he said, with a smile. "He had no use for it," he said; "I had—to beg you to accept it again in token of the life long gratitude of the man who owes his fortune to your generous sacrifice."

"Harold Dunbar, is it possible?"

"I am Harold Dunbar," he said, quietly; "indebted to your kindness alone for the power to in some wise repay it to-day. The situation your gift enabled me to accept proved a stepping stone to more brilliant successes than we had even dreamed of then. It would weary you now to hear how I rose to the wealth and influence I have enjoyed some time; but my mother shall tell you later, Mrs. Harcute, you will come to see her. She has sorely longed for you, and wondered why your letters had ceased."

"My correspondence got neglected in a long illness, and then I mislaid your address; but I have never forgotten you, Harold."

Then the bitter remembrances this unexpected recognition had banished awhile came flooding back, and the glad flush died out of her white, weary face.

"Did I hear aright that you are Mr. Larne's partner?" she gasped, breathlessly. "Oh, Harold, may I beg of you the charity he refuses me so cruelly?"

The young man took both her hands in his, and with great emotion said, "What we can do for your husband shall be done at once. He shall be a free man with very little delay. I swear that; and, if you are not restored at once to affluence, there shall be no fear of poverty. You understand. I speak for my partner as well as for myself."

Larne, evidently stung, was about to reply, when:

"Give me a few private words, Larne," said the other, quietly. "Pardon me for five minutes, Mrs. Harcute," as he led the way through the folding doors, and closed them behind his companion.

Millicent waited there in agony of alternate hope and dread, until Harold came back to her alone and smiling.

"It is all settled my dear friend!" he said, kindly. "There is more in our power than I had supposed, and your husband's troubles and yours, too, shall very speedily end."

"How can I thank you? How can——"

"Thank your own generosity—your own goodness of heart for my ability to aid you to-day; and let me thank you for giving me this opportunity of repaying in part a debt which can never be wholly discharged!"

Uncle James.

BY H. C.

"OF course, uncle James never will marry," said his three nieces.

Now there was no foundation for this rather sweeping assertion, except that "the wish is father to the thought." Uncle James Harding was a hale, handsome man of forty with merry brown eyes, but then uncle Harding was "worth money," as the saying goes and should he marry, the three Misses Harding would cease to be "the ladies" of the substantial old house.

"Of course I never shall marry," Harding himself had said, and he really believed it.

Had he not outgrown the age of hearts and darts, billet-doux, and sentimental Valentine verses?

So, when Miss Jennie Markdale came to the honey-suckle embowered cottage next door to live with her mother, her poodle, and her aquarium, the three Miss Hardings, Kate, Mary, and Sallie, made much of the newcomer, for she was neither very pretty, very young, nor very brilliant, and everybody knows what a "darling" such a one as this is among her own sex.

So the Miss Hardings invited Jennie into their domains with an extravagance of hospitality that was very acceptable to the widow's meek-eyed, soft-voiced daughter.

And Jennie thought to herself that she never had known a summer to pass so swiftly as did this special season.

"Mary," said Kate Harding, one evening as she came rather abruptly into the room where her sister was, "come to the window, quick!"

"What for?" said Kate, obeying the summons.

"Who is that by the hedge talking with uncle?"

"Where? I don't see any one."

"Just beyond the lilacs, stupid!" cried Kate, forgetting politeness in her eager haste.

"I see nothing but the big bush all in bloom."

"Oh, you silly!" said Kate, with an impatient jerk of the head. "It's Jennie Markdale!"

"Jennie Markdale?"

"Yes, don't you see?"

"Well, and suppose it is," said Mary, after a moment or two of perplexed silence.

"Suppose it is?" mimicked Kate, fairly driven beyond the bounds of patience. Mary one would think that you were born natural to hear you talk! "Do you want to be turned out of this house? Do you want a mistress to be set up over our heads?—a Mrs Harding, who——"

"What nonsense you do talk, Kate," said Mary. "The idea of Jennie captivating uncle. Why, she's as homely as a hedge-fence."

"Some people might call her pretty in a sort of a way."

"And she's thirty three if she's a day; and old men like uncle"—the fair Mary, it must be remembered, was but eighteen, and viewed other people's ages accordingly—"are always crazy after young girls!"

Kate was a little staggered in her faith, for the moment.

"But I have thought of late that uncle spends a good deal of time over at the cottage."

"Oh, that is only because the new stone-wall is being built on the division line, and uncle always was very particular about such things."

"Well, it may be so," said Kate, dubiously, "but I confess I have my doubts. I only hope you are right."

"Right! of course I am!" said Mary, sitting down again to her practising.

Sallie, the housekeeper, came in at that moment in great glee.

"Jennie is going to make some of that delicious cake for me to morrow," she said, "so that we can have it for tea, and then she will give me the recipe?"

"Miss Markdale is very obliging," said Kate, drily.

"To be sure she is," said unconscious Sallie. "Cousin Jack Esley is coming to tea."

"Of course you asked Jennie to come over and help eat her cake?"

"Why, yes, admitted Sallie; 'I couldn't do any less than that, and I thought we girls would all be glad to see her."

"We girls—yes" said Kate.

"And uncle says she is a quiet, harmless little thing," added Sallie, apologetically, for some instinct taught her that Kate was not quite satisfied with what she had done, "and as for Jack, he never sees her, any more than if she was not in the room."

'Girls, girls!" quoth uncle James, stalking into the room next day. "where have those gold spectacles of mine gone to? They haven't legs, and, of course, they can't have run away. I must have my spectacles."

"But uncle," said Sallie, piteously, "we've looked everywhere."

"They can't be in any place about the house," said Kate.

"No, they can't," added Mary.

"It's very strange!" said Harding, "but you girls are so careless."

"We didn't lose the spectacles, uncle," said Sallie, saucily.

"I never can find anything!" said Harding, in a resigned tone of voice, "after one of your cleaning-up days. I daresay my spectacles are in the dust-bin somewhere."

"No, they're not, uncle," said matter-of-fact Mary, "for I looked there."

"It's very strange!" said Harding again, and he kept on saying it until his three nieces were driven well-nigh crazy. "I wouldn't have taken a hundred dollars for those double convex lenses—they suited my eyes exactly."

"I daresay they'll turn up somewhere, sir," said Mr. Esley.

"I daresay they won't!" said Harding, sharply.

He was in no frame of mind to receive consolation from any one.

The hour for tea arrived, and with it Jennie in a simple blue muslin dress, made and trimmed by herself, her brown hair brushed back from her temples, and coiled after a Quakerish fashion at the back of her head. And a substantial token of her good work appeared in the centre of the table, in the shape of a huge cake iced over with imitation of fruits and flowers.

"I hope it will be good," said Jennie, timidly. "Nobody has touched it but myself, and I spent the whole forenoon in mixing it."

"Oh, it's sure to be good," said cheerful-minded Sallie. "Here, Jack, is the cake-knife—you shall cut it."

"Is there a gold wedding ring in it?" demanded Jack flourishing the silver cake-knife presented to him by his cousin.

"Nonsense!" cried Mary, and Jennie blushed violently.

Mr. Esley plunged the knife valorously into the tempting-looking cake. Suddenly he checked his hand.

"If there isn't a wedding ring here there is something equally hard," he said, dubiously. "Hallo! a pair of gold spectacles, baked in the cake, as I live!"

And from the crumbling recesses of the cake he drew forth a veritable pair of double convex glasses set in the best of gold.

"Why, uncle, they are yours!" cried Sallie, jumping up and clapping her hands. "And however came they in Jennie's cake?"

Jennie's face grew scarlet, but it was as nothing to the flush that mounted to the temples of James Harding.

Sallie stared. Kate tossed her head, and glanced across the table at Mary; and then Harding took up his spectacles, and cleared his throat as if by an effort.

"The glasses have told the story plainer than I could, girl," he said. "I may as well own at once that Jennie and I are engaged, and we mean to be married in the spring."

Thus it was that fate settled the business of matrimony for James Harding, to the dismay of the three nieces who were certain that "he never would marry."

A new sect has arisen in England called the "Conditional Immortality Association." It consists of those who believed that the wicked will die outright and the good go to heaven. In the country they are known as Annihilationists.

Endear yourself to all by worthy acts.

DEAD LOVE.

FROM HEINE.

It comes too late, that smile alluring,
It comes too late, that speaking sign;
The Love is dead, though long and fring,
That once you passed so coldly by.

It comes too late, thy heart's surrender,
Mine from its cheerless doom to save;
That humid glance with passion tender
Falls as the sunbeam on a grave.

Yet, when our wounded loves expire,
Say! where the wandering Spirits stray?
Where now is the extinguished fire?
Where now the wind that died away.

The Storm's Gift.

BY IRENE HALSTEAD

OUTSIDE the wind howled and moaned furiously. The rain fell in frightful draughts while ever and anon the elements shot forth livid, forked lightning.

Inside, the room was elegantly and handsomely furnished. The curtains were drawn and a cheerful fire filled the room with a pleasant warmth.

A young girl, in the first freshness of maidenhood, was seated near one of the windows. She was clad in riding habit and held in one hand a jewelled whip.

Her face was pressed close against the glass, and a look of disappointment and almost defiance filled the dusky eyes

The lightning continued to flash with lurid, deadly light. The thunder pealed in deafening chorus.

Still that cold young face looked on in no way heeding the storm without. For within her own bosom raged a kindred fury.

She pressed her hand to her heart to still its tumultuous beating. The cold fingers came in contact with a paper which she unfolded, and read with dimming eyes.

WINNIE, DARLING:

I am going to ask a great favor of you—one I feel sure you will grant, for it will be the last time for years, perhaps, that I will trouble you. I am aware that your father has forbidden you to see me again—but, Winnie, the one love of my life. I am going away to India, and will sail to day at six. Will you see me at four—at the old tree near the beach, where we have met so often in the happy past. Yours forever,

HARRY.

"Oh! will the dreadful rain never cease? If I dared to hope Harry would be there, I would almost brave the tempest. Going to India? He can never, never be cruel enough to do it—to leave me without one word of farewell!" she exclaimed.

Almost simultaneous with her last words the lightning struck near by, causing a keen agonizing thrill to shoot to her heart, and bear upon her spirits with a heavy, sickening dread which she could not understand at the time, but which was afterwards made clear, at least, in the philosophy of love.

Since they had been children together and studied from the same book in the village school, Harry Halcome and Winnie Wharton had loved each other

For two years past they had been betrothed, with the consent and encouragement of her father, but since the will was found which gave the princely fortune supposed to be Harry's, to his cousin, Frank Melville, Mr Wharton had grown colder by degrees to Harry, until his love for the honest fellow seemed turned to positive aversion, and he had at last forbidden Winnie to see him.

Harry's handsome face and noble, honest heart counted for naught against the heavy purse and haughty bearing of Mr. Melville. And with all, save true-hearted little Winnie, Frank Melville was fast supplanting Harry.

In a few days more, Harry would be twenty-one—the day which should have made him owner to all his uncle's vast estates, and which all the older men in the village had often heard the late Mr. Horton declare would be so.

Only a short time before, however, they had found the old gentleman seated near an open window—dead.

His desk was open, his head resting upon it. He was very old and feeble. His had been a happy, peaceful life, and he had gone quietly home

On looking over his papers, they could find no will save one made over twenty years before, which gave everything to Frank, and was made before Harry's existence was known

On the afternoon of which our story opens, Harry had gone early to the place of meeting, feeling sure that Winnie would not fail to come.

For some time he had stood with folded arms gazing first at the road leading to Mr Wharton s, and then at the noble old stone mansion, where he had spent so many happy years and which until lately he had considered as his own

He could perceive the very window where his dear uncle had sat for the last time Even now he seemed to see the noble old face looking down in sympathy for him, as the noisy crows whirled and croaked before the window and upon the tree where he stood.

For the tree had long been known as the "Old crow's nest tree"

His uncle had rather liked the noisy, mischievous birds, and often placed grain upon his window sill to see them steal it away.

Thinking of these things, Harry was surprised by a furious blast of rain and wind, followed by a flash of lightning and peal of thunder.

He looked around for shelter but could see none save the old mansion, and as the present owner thereof was not very hospitably inclined, he preferred the shelter of the old tree.

Suddenly he beheld Mr. Wharton, who had been belated in the storm, making for the same spot.

As he moved to the most exposed side, he said pleasantly:

"Poor shelter, Mr. Wharton; but such as it is, we must make the best of it."

The old gentleman seemed surprised at seeing him.

"I certainly did not expect to see you here, Hal. What an awful fuss those old crows do make."

At that moment the lightning flashed with a blinding glare, which was instantly followed by a peal of thunder that nearly deafened those that heard it.

Mr. Wharton, who had suddenly stepped back, came near being felled to the earth by a limb which had been struck from the mother trunk.

Harry quickly stepped forward and being taller and stronger, succeeded in averting the blow from the father of Winnie

But at what a cost to himself, for the young man in all his proud strength, lay upon the ground, cold, white and unconscious.

Terrified, the old man bending over him, thought him dead.

"And he died to save my life," he murmured as the tears fell fast with the rain drops

Unable in his weakness to raise Harry, he managed to remove the fallen limb, so as to better accommodate him.

As he did so, he perceived the old crow's nest dislodged from its resting place and—what could it be? Certainly it was a diamond flashing there.

Taking it up, he perceived a beautiful solitaire ring, which he recollected to have seen upon the finger of Harry's mother, when she came home to die, and left little Harry in the care of his uncle.

Along with the ring was fastened a parchment.

Mr. Wharton thrust them into his pocket, and began chafing the cold hands.

He soon perceived his own carriage rattling along in search of him. Hastily summoning it, he had the young man placed in it, and carried to his own house.

Winnie was still peering through the broken window and blinding rain when the vehicle drove up.

Too miserable to care, she sat still, and wondered why Heaven had sent the rain.

"Winnie!" she heard her father call.

As she entered the room and saw Harry still and white, lying upon the bed with his eyes still closed, and his face so rigid and pale, she thought life extinct.

"Oh, Harry! Harry!" she cried in her agony of fear, and threw her arms round him, showering kisses and tears upon his face.

This would have recalled the soul had it left its tenement, for the eyes opened and the hitherto powerless arms were clasped round that sweet form, while the voice of Mr Wharton, broken by sobs, said:

"I thought that would be the best medicine. God bless you both, my children, and if your old father ever puts barriers in the way of your happiness again, why—why pay no attention to 'em, that's all"

On examination of the parchment found by Mr. Wharton, it proved to be the last will and testament of old Mr. Horton, and that it gave everything to Harry.

The mischievous crows had probably pilfered it and the diamond at the same time; on the day when old Mr. Horton was found dead seated before the open window at his desk.

And Winnie, as she looks at the noble, handsome face of her lover husband and notes the scar which is barely perceptible near his temple, and which cost him so many days of weary suffering thinks what a precious gift the storm gave her, and how near she was to losing him forever

The first makes her very thankful. The latter very gentle, and the laughing dusky eyes will never more look defiance at anything which God sends knowing:

"That in His wisdom, He doeth all things well!"

By his flattering dedication of "Harold" to the present Lord Lytton, it is believed that Tennyson desired to efface the recollection of his old fight with Lord Lytton's father, when the latter called Tennyson "Mrs Alfred." In Tennyson retaliated in lines describing his assailant as "a dish with mawkish pap in it," and "the paddiest man who wears the stays."

BILIOUS PERSONS should avoid the use of coffee and very rich persons the use of tea. An agreeable and beneficial substitute is found in Cocoa. Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate and Cocoa preparations are highly recommended by the medical faculty, and are sold by all grocers.

New Publications.

The writings of the German novelist E Marlitt, which have become familiar to us through the admirable translations of Mrs. Wister, have a remarkable substantial opularity among readers of fiction. The latest of these translations is entitled In the Shillingscourt, and is one of the best of the author's works. The story is based upon an unhappy marriage, and gives a graphic delineation of German life. The characters are drawn with strong dramatic effect, and the play is so well sustained, the reader is loth to relinquish the book until finished. Published by Lippincott.

The October number of the Leonard Scott Publishing Co.'s reprint of Blackwood's Magazine, opens with an entertaining description of Round about Damascus. A Deadly Feud. A tale from France is the title of a dramatic story by Rudolph Lindau. This is followed by an analytical review of the Greek tragedy Ion. Part VII, continues Reata, The Demise of the Kaiserbund, Contemporary Literature is continued by discussion of newspaper offices. The Cabal meeting conclude the number.

Messrs. Disk and Fitzgerald of New York, have published two handy little volumes which will prove quite a valuable resource for amateur reading clubs. Ethiopian Scenes contains a variety of stump speeches and anecdotes in this peculiar phraseology. The Irish Dialect is well supplied in a variety of amusing recitations Price of each, 30 cents. Dicks Original Album Verses and acrostics, contains original verses for autograph albums, album dictionary, verses to accompany bouquets for birthdays, for wooden, tin, crystal, silver and gold weddings, philopena forfeits, congratulations, valentines and a varity of acrostics for over two hundred ladies' christian names. The verses are appropriate to their subjects, and those who have occasion to refer to them will find the collection very useful and supplying a long felt want. Price, 75 cents.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, edited by I. Minis Hays, is out for October, and its list of contributors are prominent in the medical profession. The contestents begin with an article entitled on phantom stricture and other obscure forms of rectal disease by Dr. W. H. Van Beuren of New York. Dr. Gross contributes Sarcoma of the Long Bones. Dr. Goodill of Philadelphia, contributes an account of four cases of Ovarian tumors, and one of Fibrocystic tumors, operated on under the spray. Treatment of pertussis is contributed by Dr J. Lewis Smith, of New York. Dr. John C. Siddell, writes about contusions of the brain. Dr. F C Holtz, contributes two cases of Chronic Blepharospasmus as Traumatic Reflex Neurosis. Dr. Isaac Ott, contributes a paper on "The Paths of Sensory and Motor Impulses in the Cervical Segment of the spinal cord

Charles Steadman, Bull of New York, contributes observations on Infiltration of the Retina in Lardaceon's Disease of the Kidneys due to Chronic Suppuration from Bone Disease. Dr. Webster Prentiss of Washington, writes about a case of Hysterical Tetanus. Dr. V. P. Gibney, writes about dislocation of the hip in children. Dr. Gross of Philadelphia, contributes to the study of true adenoma of the mania. Dr. B. M. Badger, contributes a case of ruptured womb, followed by abscesses and ultimate recovery. The number contains a variety of exhaustive reviews on prominent medical topics, and a variety of analytical and bibliographical notices. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

The November number of Lippincott's Magazine, is up to its usual state of excellence and contains a variety of interesting articles. "Later, Pompeian Days," the concluding paper of "Rambles of Three," by Margaret Bertha Wright, is very amusing and capitally illustrated. Dr. Oswald's "Summerland Sketches," describes the Sierra Madre, and gives an entertaining glimpse of convent life in the mountainous region of Mexico. An article on Leadville, also well illustrated, will command attention. "Where the Beef Comes From" is the title of a timely and interesting paper on cattle breeding in Texas and Colorado. Dr. Alfred S Gibbs has a lively paper on Goethe's mother. Ernest Seton describes the organization and workings of the "Secret Societies of Southern Italy." "The Bicycle, and Riding It," by J. Wilcox, indicates the inventions that have led to this new process of locomotion, and J. Brander Matthews discusses Sheridan's "Critic," which was first played a hundred years ago and still keeps its place on the stage Among the stories in the number may be mentioned "A Slight Misunderstanding" which is in the form of a comedietta, and needs but a few alterations to adapt it for private theatricals, a character sketch by Philip Bourke Marston and the first part of a very agreeably written little tale entitled "Aimee" which like "Daisy Miller," deals with the life of a young American girl abroad. The "Mode" is Gossip" treats of "Fall Shopping. "Emile Zola and the Prince Imperial," and other appropriate topics.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Nathaniel H. Bishop, author of "The Voyage of a Paper Canoe," has ready for immediate issue from the press of Lea & Shepard, a companion volume, entitled: "Four Months in a Sneak Box," the name of the fishing and duck shooting boats used on our New Jersey coast and in which he made a most interesting trip of 3 600 miles down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. The work contains many new and important observations upon this comparatively unfamiliar part of our land.

"Castle Foam," by H. W. French, will be brought out at once by the same house. It is a strong and dramatic novel, founded in Russia during the brilliant reign of the Emperor Alexander. The author's familiarity with the people and customs has enabled him to weave into an interesting story, the pride, passion, magnificence, and the underlying truth of life among the nobility.

Messrs Lea & Shepard, Boston, have ready for publication another of Mr. George M. Fowles's Juvenile Books of Adventure, founded entirely on fact in the "Heroes of History" series. This volume is the interesting life of the famous voyager, Magellan, who was born late in the 15th century, and after various adventures started from Spain with five ships that made the first voyage around the world.

The Rev. Daniel Wise, D.D., author of a number of popular juvenile works, formerly Secretary of the Methodist Sunday School Union, has written another story for youth entitled "Roderick Ashcourt," showing how a brother and sister, thrown by misfortune from wealth and a happy home, met the emergency with great bravery, and fought their way until they had lifted themselves to enviable positions.

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of St. Nicholas, has been engaged this summer upon a new story, which will probably be among the holiday attractions

The December "Harper's," which begins the sixtieth volume, will contain a new poem by Longfellow, the subject of the poem is an iron pen, presented to the poet by a lady of Maine and made from a fetter of Bouvard, the prisoner of Chillon; the handle is of wood from the frigate Constitution, and is bound with a circlet of gold, studded with three precious stones from Liberia, Ceylon and Maine.

"Prince Metternich's Memoirs" are to be published by the Scribners.

Among the literary attractions announced for the holidays by the Appletons, is a fine illustrated book, entitled "The Homes of America, which will doubtless find a wide sale.

Readers of good poetry will hail with pleasure the announcement of a new volume of the poetical works of Richard Henry Stoddard. There is no edition of Stoddard's poems to be found in the book stores.

"Sports in Many Lands," by H. A. F.; "The Old Shekary," profusely illustrated, will be published by the Scribners The same firm will also publish a cheap edition of the new translation of Balzac's "Comedie Humaine," and a volume on card playing by Cavendish, of whist fame, with a cut of the author. It should be a fine cut.

The history of painting which Dodd & Mead will publish next month is being translated from the German by Sydney Colvin, the well known English art critic and Slade professor. Mr Colvin says of it in a letter to the American publishers:—"Its merit is not that of season. It is likely to be and will be the standard and authoritative book on the subject for many years to come."

WOVEN AIR.—The Decca muslins of India are among the most wonderful evidences of the hand skill of the strange people of the mysterious East. These fabrics, which are spun and woven entirely by hand, and are the product of obscure and curious processes unknown to and unattainable by the Western nations, like the fabrication of Damascus steel and making of camel's hair shawls are marvels of ingenuity and skill, and they illustrate the poetry of cotton. The most delicate of these fabrics is known by the name of woven air. It can only be made in the early morning and in the evenings when the air is full of moisture and the dew is on the grass. The processes by which it is woven are kept secret and the people who do the work are compelled first to pass through a long course of training and initiation. Their delicate wares are of such ethereal texture as to be almost invisible, and yet are so enduring that they will bear washing and wear in a wonderful manner This precious stuff is monopolized for the use of the ladies of the Oriental harems, and is to be worth hundreds of dollars per yard

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As a rule neither the German army nor the Austrian carries tents. At the nightly rest of their health the soldiers bivouac. Last year, in Bosnia, the Austrians suffered terribly

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A Canyon City Oregon farmer, began without a cent five years ago at the age of fifty, took up a farm, and now has his fields, house, barn, orchard, health and credit.

Our Young Folks.

THE BEST OF CHUMS.

BY R. D. M.

'TWAS universally accepted that Lionel Freeland was in Coventry. How he came to be so I must tell you as briefly as possible. The first eleven at Denmark House were shortly to play the Craig Mount schoolboys and there was to be a sweepstake, each of the eleven contributing two shillings, and the highest scorer in the match was to receive the whole.

The only boy who had refused to join in this arrangement was Lionel Freeland. So the boys set down Lionel for a screw and a miser in embryo, and the general ill will against him spreading throughout the school, he was finally sent to Coventry.

What a trying ordeal that is every schoolboy knows, but in this instance that which pained Lionel Freeland more than the loss of companionship of all his other classmates put together was that his old friend and dearest chum, Bob King, went with the majority against him. I think he could have borne being put in Coventry by the rest pretty well, if only Bob had remained faithful.

The cricket match came off, and Bob King, who had set his heart on making the highest score and winning the sweepstake, did not do so. His disappointment was great, for his funds were very low, and he much needed pocket money. He had been careless and extravagant with his allowance during the first part of the half year, and he was almost at the end of his resources—worse, he was in debt.

As Bob reflected on this, sorely perplexed and harrassed in his mind, an idea one morning flashed suddenly upon him, which he would have done well to banish from his thoughts as quickly as it had entered them. But he did not.

Mr. Marshall, the head master of Denmark House, had a drawer in his table which stood at the head of the large schoolroom, in which he usually kept a small quantity of loose money. It was convenient to have it there for various little expenses connected with the school. And the drawer nearly always remained unlocked.

It had entered Robert King's mind to extract a small sum of money from this drawer, and having once determined on his plan there was very little difficulty in carrying it out.

When the school had dispersed on the afternoon on which Robert King had determined to carry out his scheme, he returned from the playground, whither he had gone with the rest, and re-entered the large schoolroom. It was empty, and he approached the head master's table. The money drawer was unlocked. He drew it quietly out, and after a little noiseless handling of the money extracted about two dollars in change. He shut the drawer again, and was just about turning away, when he heard a footstep in the hall, and saw Lionel Freeland entering. Lionel had come back to the schoolroom for his Vigil, which he had left in his desk.

As he entered the schoolroom he had just caught sight of his former friend and chum hurrying away from Mr. Marshall's table. Of course, his first feeling was one of surprise and wonder. A vague suspicion flashed across Lionel's mind, but he tried to put it from him as unworthy and unkind.

For a moment Bob himself was a little startled and frightened at the sight of Lionel, but he soon recovered himself. He felt sure that his friend had seen nothing, and recovering his self possession, sauntered at a leisurely pace past Lionel, assuming a careless and easy air to cover his former hurried and hasty one.

Notwithstanding that he had successfully accomplished his object, Robert King was not quite at rest in his mind for the remainder of that day, nor at night.

Lionel and Bob's beds stood next to each other in the forth class dormitory. That night Lionel lay awake longer than usual. He was at length dropping off to sleep when he heard a muttering from Bob's bed. Bob was talking in his sleep, and he caught one or two of Bob's words, and they at once arrested his attention. He listened more closely, his sleepiness suddenly departing. "It's only two—only two dollars. It'll be all right. He'll never know, and I'll be sure to put it back. Where's the harm?" Bob muttered in low, broken tones.

At once Lionel took in the whole facts of the case. His worst fears were confirmed. Bob had taken money from Mr. Marshall's drawer. For about ten minutes Lionel lay still in bed, deep in thought. Bob muttered on for a little longer, a few more disjointed sentences, and then was quiet again. Presently, Lionel rose and noiselessly dressed himself.

He went quietly to his box, which stood at the foot of his bed, and took from it a small portmonnaie in which he kept the bulk of his school money. Then he crept noiselessly down stairs and along the passage which led to the schoolroom. As he passed Mr. Marshall's study, which adjoined the large schoolroom, he did not notice that there was a light burning within. In the study sat Mr. Marshall at his writing table. He was pausing for a moment to follow out and complete a thought in his mind before putting it to paper just as Lionel was passing the door outside. Quietly as Lionel was moving in the hushed stillness of the house, his footfall caught Mr. Marshall's ear, and naturally excited his wonder.

The master rose from his seat, opened the door, and glanced along the passage, and as he did so caught sight of Lionel as he entered the schoolroom. He recognized him at once. He walked to the end of the passage, and without entering the schoolroom, stood looking in at the door. He saw Lionel advance to his table, open the drawer, and begin, as he thought, to handle the money in it. The master stayed to see no more, but turned, re-entered his study, and closed the door before Lionel again passed.

On the following day, shortly after breakfast, Lionel received a summons to attend Mr. Marshall in his study. He wondered a little what the head master wanted with him at that particular moment, but was wholly unsuspecting of the actual cause of his summons.

Mr. Marshall met him with a very grave and pained expression of face, and told him what he had seen and suspected.

Lionel spoke no word in reply. His face was quite pale, his lips trembled, but no word issued from them. He inclined his head slightly when Mr. Marshall had ceased speaking, turned, and hurried from the room.

Lionel was not dismissed, and he would not tell on his friend to save himself, but from that moment his position was more painful than ever.

And so the half year drew to a close, and it was on an afternoon two days before the breaking up of the school, Mr. Marshall sat at his table in the large schoolroom, making out the order in which the boys stood as the result of the examinations. There was no one else in the room, but presently a little boy entered and advanced to Mr. Marshall. He came to receive a small balance of money which still remained over to him from his half year's allowance. Mr. Marshall acted as banker to such of the younger boys as chose to leave their money in his keeping. In paying him he noticed the drawer held more than he had put in it the previous day. Who could have put the additional money into the drawer? No one was ever supposed to make use of it but himself.

Puzzled and perplexed, Mr. Marshall thought over the matter, and at last the only solution he could arrive at was that Lionel Freeland had replaced the money he had taken on that night, which was still vivid in the master's memory.

An hour later Mr. Marshall sent for Lionel Freeland to speak to him in his study.

"Lionel Freeland," he began at once, "I want an answer to my question. Did you put some money into my drawer between yesterday afternoon and this?"

Thus questioned, Lionel could but return one answer. He now felt that there was no other way open to him but to disclose to Mr. Marshall the facts, which he did, though without mentioning names. When he had finished, Mr. Marshall said—

"Lionel, I need not say how rejoiced I am to learn that you are not guilty of a deed of which I thought you incapable. You have acted nobly and bravely, my boy, throughout, and I beg to apologise to you for having suspected you, though I think you will allow that, under the circumstances, it was almost inevitable that I should do so. I now ask one thing from you, which is that you seek the boy who did the deed, and tell him all. It is but due to yourself and right that he should know all. Promise me to do this."

"Yes, sir, I will," answered Lionel.

That night Lionel told Bob King everything. Bob's face grew paler and paler, and his lip trembled, as Lionel continued speaking. When he had finished he caught his old friend round the neck, and his head fell upon his breast.

"Oh, Lennie, Lennie! what can I say?" he burst out. "I have been miserable ever since that night, Lennie. I crept put back the money yesterday—slipped it into the drawer and rushed away feeling like a coward and a thief as I was. O Lennie! do you really, really forgive me every-thing?"

"Yes, yes Bob. You were tempted and yielded, but I never came under such a temptation that must be recollected."

"You would never have done the same, never!"

"I cannot say, Bob. No one can tell until he is tempted, and it is an easy thing to be strong when there is no trial."

"No, no, that is only your goodness to say so, to encourage me. Thank you, old fellow, for that, too," said Bob.

"Well, well, Bob, let us say no more about it. We shall banish this miserable affair from our thoughts this day for ever, and you can't think, Bob, how glad I feel to know that we are once more, just as we were before, the best of chums."

All the real difficulty of life is concentrated in the first step to those who behave well and do their duty.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 244 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

[illegible]

No. 419. CALLIPERS.

No. 420.
B A G
A G A
B O N
N U N
A T E
B I T

No. 421. STARBOARD.

No. 422.
E L I Z A
L E N O X
I N D R I
Z O R I L
A X I L E

No. 423. PERIPATETIC. PRECIPITATE.

No. 424.
S I E S T A
I N S T A R
E S C A R P
S T A C T E
T A R T A N
A R P E N T

No. 425. CHARDBAR.

No. 426.
C
T H E
C R A N E
T R A M P E R
C H A M E L E O N
E X P L O D E
S K E D S
R O R
N

No. 427. PIRATE.

No. 428.
S P L I C E D
S A L A D I N
C A L U M E T
S A T I R E S
R E T I N A L
L A T E R A L
B E N A R E S

No. 429. And here's the grand fabric our free Constitution
As built on the base of the great Revolution,
And lower with politics not to be crammed
No anarchy cursed and no tyranny damned,
And who would to liberty e'er prove disloyal
May his son be a hangman and he his first trial.

No. 430.
C
R A A
D O L T S
D E L E T E S
B O L D F A C E D
C A U T I O N
A T T A C K I N G
S E C T I L E
S F I N E
D O G
N

No. 431. NUMERICAL.
My 1, 2, 3 on top will be,
A plant is 4 to 7,
Combine with me and you will see
A freak—by Webster given.
New York City. CHAR DEAN.

No. 432. SQUARE.
ACROSS:—1. A puzzler. 2. A village in Swedish Lapland. 3. A village in Austria. 4. A town in Spain. 5. A county in Missouri.
DOWN:—1. A male name. 2. A town in Italy. 3. To resign. 4. A pupil. 5. A cape in Spain.
Rondout, N. Y. JAVELIN.

No. 433. CROSSWORD.
In pen not in ink,
In chain not in link,
In gold not in scrip,
In rose not in lip
In slop not in mire,
In heat not in fire,
In loss not in gain,
In cross not in pain.
The "Morning Star" will come to light,
If you arrange these letters right.
Keeton, Ohio. UNCLE NAT.

No. 434. REVERSED RHOMBOID.
ACROSS:—1. A bird. 2. A race. 3. Injured. 4. The act of hitting two balls at once. 5. A large knife. 6. A fragment.
DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A vehicle. 4. A planet. 5. To divide. 6. A chimney piece. 7. A mistake. 8. To bear. 9. A tint. 10. A suffix. 11. A letter.
Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 435. CHARADE.
As I strolled out one summer day
My FIRST I chanced to see,
'Twas in my CAST and there it lay
As near as could be.
I tried at once you may suppose
My rage to thereby wreak.
When o'er the way beneath my nose
A snake, a snake, a snake
My wife's in now a cry to fright
Away "vermin of prey."
Go visit it, I think you might,
Some time when you're away.
Lima, Ohio. FOO ZACTLY.

No. 436. DIAGONAL SQUARE.
ACROSS:—
1. My FIRST long time ago was worn,
Fair beauties of whom to adorn.
2. My SECOND is imprisonment,
To which the wicked oft are sent.
3. A loving embrace addressed
Wherever you receive the THIRD
4. The FOURTH you easily can trace
Portal right at ancient race
5. With reverence a thing is by me—
This meaning in my FIFTH is shown.
6. No tender sigh or starting tear
Nor follows SIXTH upon the bier.
UP:—(Left to right, commencing at the upper left.) 1. A letter. 2. To perform. 3. A worthless dog. 4. To mend. 5. A fish. 6. Most innocent. 7. Fealtily. 8. A tree. 9. To write. 10. A nick-name. 11. A letter.
Greenville, S. C. DEAN POQUIER.

No. 437. ANAGRAM.
YES THE REAL FORM FOR US M.,
Is this by famous English bard
Correct, inspired, and all regard
It as a perfect English gem.
San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 438. DIAMOND.
1. In Czar Dean. 2. The nave of a wheel. 3. A male name. 4. The natural locality of a plant. 5. Appointed. 6. Having applied. 7. Rattened. 8. A number. 9. In Czar Dean.
Newark, N. J. N. L. C. B.

No. 439. TRIPLE CROSSWORDS.
In seacarp not in rud,
In pannage not in end,
In chicken not in bat,
In wagon not in cat,
In mandrake not in pink,
In [illegible] not in mink,
In [illegible] not in ac,
In schooner not in Lac
In [illegible] not in [illegible]
The night-mare thrice I've named.
Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 440. SQUARE.
1. A book of Institutes. 2. A tile made to cover the hip of a roof. 3. Indeclinable nouns. 4. The state of being laid up. 5. Titanic. 6. A writer of funeral songs. 7. Parse off.
Sedalia, Mo. ED PEN.

No. 441. CRYPTOGRAM.
OYLA EIXTAAF, EHERB ORKF TYOHTA GYRPG,
RABA'F OT TIE MERAHE GRA "AW'HEHC EYPG."
"[illegible]" RNF RNF MYOOAF LNPTAK
NRK FYLAOHEHC RNF GIARAK IE NO TEPG.
Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 442. DIAMOND.
(To "Kee.")
1. You'll find the FIRST with but a glance,
Along the sunny shores of France,
2. You here for ENCORE will stick in,
A pointed wood or iron pin.
3. He will extort all tears despite
The widows' and the orphans' mite,
4. FOURTH, water spaniels you may call—
These animals are rather small.
5. All poets will agree with me
That FIFTH are seen upon the sea.
6. The muscles of the human frame,
Are SIXTH, anatomists proclaim.
7. Tilton was SEVENTH in the suit
He did 'gainst Beecher institute.
8. Undoubtedly some witness then,
Did EIGHTH his story once again.
9. With little labor any one
May find this town in Oregon.
10. Assembles NINTH; so does a hen
On eggs: in short, so do all men
11. You'll find ELEVENTH in the name
Of "Traddles," known to puzzling fame.
☞ For first solution Twenty-five Cents.
Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. Twenty five Cents for first solution to No. 441.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of Sept. 27th were solved by Javelin, J. C. M., Bon, J. Min., Peggotty, A. Solver, Percy Vere, Dick, Apollo, O Possum, Hannah H Gage, O. C. O. La., Theron, A. Nimney Mrs. Nickleby, Effendi (Constantinople) Thirsty McQuill, Will I. Am, Magnus, Waverly, Cant Cuttle, Goose Quill.

COMPLETE LISTS.—Javelin, J. C. M., Bon, J. Min., Peggotty, A. Solver, Percy Vere.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Javelin, - - Rondout, N. Y.
2. J. C. M., - - San Francisco, Cal.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Koe Diamond, Asian Diamond, Square, Charade and Crossword, Goose Quill, Numerical and Half Square, Kate Nickleby Crossword and Charade, Kro E Compound Squares, Nic O'Demus—Two Diamonds, Charade, Hour Glass and Compound Squares.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KOE—Diamond O K. We are always pleased to receive the "first fruits."

ASIAN—The Rhyming Diamond will soon be published, also the other samples of your handiwork.

GOOSE QUILL—The two contributions are all right; but couldn't you write a little oftener? Remember that we like to hear frequently from the Golden Gate.

KATE NICKLEBY—Your last Crossword is very good, and we trust you will keep something similar always on the way.

KRO E.—The Compound Squares are well put up. We will check off soon as possible and if all right they will go in soon. Such "Compounds" are like "Syrup of squills"—nice to take!

NIC O'DEMUS—A good batch. The Charade is one of your best. When you make such a raid on Webster again let us know. The Last Known good and new.

ANONYMOUS.—To those correspondents who like plain English (and who have failed to see our previous hints), we will say once and for all that no Abbreviations will be countenanced in this Department. A Puzzle containing an Abbreviation will neither be accepted nor published. While we do not anticipate absolute perfection, we will nevertheless endeavor to leave imperfection as many laps behind as we possibly can.

NEWS OF PETERS FROM DICKENS.—We deeply regret that our friend the Round Table has read the great English novelist so hastily as to see in the character of Mrs. Nickleby nothing but vanity. In Tradition's stiff-backed Mr. Lawyer little but lust. It appears to us the moral Table's idea that would read "our originals." We trust that Harard is neat and careful; we hope that Maud Lynn is sober and refined. Now we know why Tradition Mrs. Nickleby and Tim Linkwater took their noms de plume, and having been thus set to their reading, their record will show that they have not been superficial in their perusing. As to the charge of the "original Wilkins having lost so many friends"—we would ask—who in David Copperfield had more friends than

WILKINS MICAWBER.

THE OLD OAK-TREE.

BY O. S.

I love the woods arrayed in Summer's green,
Or tinged with russet Autumn's golden sheen:
In pensive mood I gladly seek their shade,
And ramble through each leafy glen and glade.
But yet, howe'er the forest may delight,
The opening plain brings still a welcome sight.
No dearer spot the landscape holds for me
Than that white gowaned, spacious grassy lea
Where stands in solitude, the old oak-tree!

In bygone days, now often here I've strayed,
And lovingly thy giant form surveyed;
Returning now from lands I long have ranged,
I come in age and find thee all unchanged.
'Tis truly writ that life is but a span,
At least that portion which belongs to man:
For but as yesterday it seems to be
When, still a boy, I cut my name, with glee,
Deep in thy rugged bark, dear old oak-tree!

In rising manhood three staunch friends were wont
From time to time to seek this cherished haunt;
Each took his chosen path the world to roam,
With hopes to meet in after days at home.
Alas! ere many years had fleeted o'er,
One sunk to rest upon a distant shore;
The next found sailor-grave in tropic sea;
While I am left alone of all the three
To keep the tryst beside the old oak-tree!

How still the air around this regal oak
Ere yet my voice the charmed silence broke;
Till now unheard, the drowsy feathered throng
Awake to pipe with joy their evening song;
The daisy closes with a glance of love,
The dark'ning shades surround the mystic grove,
Oh! when the Fates send forth their dread decree,
That bids the day no longer break for me,
May sunset find me 'neath the old oak-tree!

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

THERE is a proneness exhibited widely in society to attach importance to numbers, days, dates, as having some mysterious connection with the unfavorable incidents of human life, as if an overruling decree of fate or destiny had settled the whole affair for us, without leaving us the power of preventing or setting it aside. It will be found on further examination, that this is especially marked in connection with sovereigns, princes and great personages generally, more particularly in the years of their birth, accession, deposition, and death.

One singular mode of fishing out the connection consists in adding up the digits or numerals in a particular date, and comparing this sum with the date itself. Thus, the year 1879 is expressed by four digits (one, eight, seven, nine) the sum of which amounts to twenty-five; and the 'fishing' would consist in catching any peculiar relation or connection between twenty-five and 1879. The French have taxed their ingenuity greatly in this kind of thing, with results which are at least curious if nothing more.

Take, for instance, some of the French sovereigns who flourished several centuries ago. The crotchet mongers have discovered, in four cases at any rate, a numerical connection between the order of succession on the one hand, and on the other the sum of the digits in special dates rendered memorable by noteworthy events in the lives of the respective sovereigns. Louis IX. was born in 1215; the sum of these digits is nine. Charles VII. was born in 1402; the sum of these digits is seven. Louis XII was born in 1461; the sum of these digits is twelve. Lastly, Louis XIV was crowned in 1643, a date the digits of which sum up to fourteen. In regard to an intermediate sovereign, Louis XIII, the accumulation of coincidences is really very curious. We must first remind the reader that in the old court language of France, Louis was spelled Loys, that this king's French, Christian and surnames were 'Loys de Bourbon,' and that those of his queen were 'Anne d'Autriche.' The figures came out thus: Louis XIII married Anne of Austria in 1615; the sum of these four digits is thirteen; 'Loys de Bourbon' comprises thirteen letters, and so does 'Anne d'Autriche;' the boy king and girl-princess were each thirteen years old at the time of the marriage; he was the thirteenth Louis of France, and she the thirteenth Anne of Austria.

Come we now to the nineteenth century, with which mystical Frenchmen have been equally busy. Bourbonists, Bonapartists, Orleanists, Republicans—all are cited to supply materials for the same story. The great French Revolution, which brought so many momentous events in its train, began in 1789; the sum of these four digits is twenty five, which, added to 1789 brings us to 1814, the year when the Emperor Napoleon went captive to Elba, and ceased his European conquests—although there was destined to be one more year of struggle in the battle field.

There is, also, a little of this sort of thing elsewhere. In England possibly a due exercise of ingenuity might convert the little into much. Charles I's son, and eventual successor was born in 1630; the sum of these digits is ten which brings us to 1640, the year when the short parliament began to make short work of the kingly power. Again the sum of the digits in 1640 is eleven, which brings us to 1651, the year when the battle of Worcester drove Charles II into exile. One more instance: George I ascended the British throne in 1714, which added to thirteen, the sum of its digits, makes 1727, the date of his death.

But apart from, and in addition to, these numerical conundrums involving the summing up of digits, there are many associations of particular years with certain persons, families, and dynasties. The year 1809 was marked by the death of Haydn and the birth of Mendelssohn; the sum of these digits is eighteen, which, added to 1809, brings us to 1827, the year marked by the death of another great composer, Beethoven.

The year '88 is associated with a train of events, none of them cheerful in character, concerning the House of Stuart. For instance in 1388, Robert II, first Stuart king of Scots became little more than a nominal sovereign in the hands of the nobles, and died two years afterwards; in 1488, James III of Scotland was murdered; close to the ominous '88, but really in 1587 Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded; in 1688, the last Stuart king of Great Britain, James II, was dethroned; and in 1788, Charles Edward Stuart, who had been known forty years previously as the Young Pretender.

Among those not affected by these numbers was Henry IV of France, and determined that he shall not escape without paying as much homage as possible to number fourteen, the French computers have made out two whimsical calculations—that the year of his birth completed fourteen centuries, plus fourteen years; and that he lived four times fourteen days.

However, even if all the coincidences are verifiable they do not necessarily presuppose any mystical influence of destiny or fatalism. They are quite explicable on the Theory of Probabilities, the Doctrine of Chances. The odds may be millions to one against a particular coincidence; yet that one coincidence may present itself in the natural order of things; and when it does, it excites more than usual attention.

Grains of Gold.

Endear yourself to all by worthy acts.

Life is too short for its possessors to wear long faces.

A man that has friends must show himself friendly.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one.

A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence.

It is better oftentimes to laugh things off than to scold them off.

Seek well for the right road through life, and never doubt the sequel.

The path of duty in this world is the road of salvation in the next.

Beautiful are the admonitions of him whose life accords with his teachings.

When a human mind gets down to a deep hole in a fit of thinking, it is hard to lift it out.

The improved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of humanizing inferences.

No man can afford the luxury of hating people. It brings the revenge to the hater's own heart and life.

Who is powerful? He who can control his passion. Who is rich? He who is contented with what he has.

Men are often like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they have been in hot water.

The metaphysics of salvation are not of so much consequence, when one is engaged in the practice of actually saving men.

It is an uncontroverted truth that no man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

Why should every one try to make his own company as agreeable and valuable as possible? Because it is company that he can never avoid.

Churches of different sects in a small town are very like rival corner groceries, each watching with jealous eye the increase of his neighbor's trade.

Hath any one wronged thee? be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, 'tis finished; he is below himself that is not above an injury.

The huvable man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstacies full of danger, and followed by reactions.

He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving his opinions best of all.

Life seems to me not a place in which we are to seek happiness alone, but one in which we are to seek earnestly to make as perfect as we may all the work committed to our care.

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

When one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it hath a companion waiting at the door; and the former will work hard to secure the admission of the latter, in which it generally succeeds.

Any man who has been badly instructed, who does not know that to attack a man's personal character on account of his religious opinions, is a barbarism which ought to be of the distant past.

A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts, and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him.

Hope is the last thing that dieth in man: and, though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that, while we are traveling through life, it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day is only thine; which, if thou procrastinate, thou losest; which is lost forever. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Be not ashamed to be amused by little things. Blessed be the man who knows how to caper and enjoy nonsense; woe to the man that parted early with his boyhood, and blessed be the man that carries his boyhood down latest into life.

Vice is very prolific. A lie hates to be alone, and must have company. He who tells one lie is sure to tell another to cover up the first, and a third to cover up the other two. After that he becomes accustomed to it and stops counting.

The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathize. You must possess, at the same time, the habits of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.

Admonish a friend; it may be that he hath not done it, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it, but if he have, that he speak it no more. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander, and believe not every tale.

Praying, reading the Bible, and going to meeting, is not religion, any more than a carpenter's tools are a dwelling-house. These Christian duties are the instruments in the use of which a man underpins his life with Christian principles, to build thereon a character of righteousness.

Feminities.

Nearly all the pawnbrokers of France are women.

Never ask a young lady why her back hair don't match that in front.

To make the world better and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

A Lone Exhibition—A young lady sitting in the parlor awaiting the arrival of her lover.

"Ouida" adopted her nom de plume from her own childish pronunciation of her name, Louisa.

A French writer, presumably married, defines trousers to be things which men put on and the women wear.

A Mrs Gibbs, living in St Louis, notifies on her door-plate that she is an "elocutionist, poetess, washer and ironer."

A man may love his wife with the fervor of a clear-drift blast-furnace, yet he will not smile when she trumps over him at whist.

A recent obituary notice says: Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!"

Girls, if you don't want the honeymoon to set unhappily, fulfil all promises of domestic ability that were held out before marriage.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

A new brass band has been organized at Jackson, Ind., with four ladies and five men for members. The leader is a lady who plays a Bb horn.

Young men and maidens expect to take a good deal of comfort next February. Altho' the shortest month in the year it will have five Sunday nights in it.

Women like to be loved; but if the woman with a high hat at the church knew how much she is hated for several pews round she might not feel so vain.

Unmarried men can't appreciate the feelings of a fellow whose wife sends him to get something out of the pocket of the dress that's hanging up in the closet.

A writer says that Madame de Staël was very homely, but had the power of talking herself into beauty. This is characteristic of sensible "homely" women.

A careful political economist closely calculates that the women in this country might annually save $14 500 000 in ribbons which the men might spend in cigars.

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat, and a big tear stands in her eye as she thinks how late he works nights at his desk by the white-washed wall.

A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 180 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

Just for a joke an Iowa girl went through the marriage ceremony with a deaf and dumb man, but he grew so serious over it that her father had to pay $250 to get rid of him.

"Marriage with a tinge of romance" is what they call it in Kansas when the old man rides after the couple and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with a bullet from any army carbine.

There are thirty men to one woman in Idaho, and they threaten to plunder their neighbors, the Mormons, unless somebody sends them out some sweethearts and wives from somewhere.

The spirit of emulation is in strict obedience to public sentiment. Coming from the burial of a friend, a Danbury young woman said to her mother: "Did you ever see such a cheap-looking corpse?"

Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate the anniversary of every birthday as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

A mother who has guided and moulded the lives of a family of children, so that they come to an honest, virtuous Christian manhood and womanhood, has done a work that any woman may be proud of.

When the girl who has encouraged a young man for two years suddenly turns around and tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

Miss Lillie George, aged 18 of Bonaparte, Iowa, a pupil in the Cincinnati college of music, committed suicide at the latter city, Oct. 4, because Fred M. Trueman, to whom she was engaged to be married, died of a congestive chill the night before.

A little girl who is a "lady" by reason of being a daughter of a noble English house, has betrayed a remarkable proclivity. All the canary birds were dying, and the governess discovered that the darling had been making pincushions of them while they were alive.

St. Paul first advises women to submit themselves to their husbands, and then counsels men to love their wives—since it was fitting that women should first have their lessons given to them, because it is hardest to be learned, and therefore they have the more need to con it.

The ex Empress Eugenie is visiting Queen Victoria in Scotland, at the latter's urgent invitation. The unhappy French widow is said to be in a state of great physical prostration; and she has formally expressed a wish to be buried at Chiselhurst by the side of her husband and son.

"Mary Magdalen had seven devils cast out of her. I never heard of a man having seven devils cast out of him," growled an old bachelor, in the course of a discussion on the "woman question." "No, they are not cast out yet, I believe," was the quiet response of his fair antagonist.

A 79 year old maid who was quite ill in Johnstown told the doctor she had never been hugged by a man in her life, and asked for one kiss. The gallant doctor complied with the request, of course, and she got well. When the doctor got home and told the story to his wife he got—well, he is bolder than he was.

A commercial traveller at Marseilles having refused leave to his maid-servant to take his daughter to the skating rink, they did not appear next morning, and on the bedroom being burst open both were found suffocated. A note in the maid's writing said, "You shall no longer have your daughter: I take her to a better world." Their ages are twenty-six and fourteen.

Lucetiæ.

Winter comes when Autumn leaves.

Butcher-shops are joint stock concerns.

The soft shell crab considers his case a hard one.

It is easy enough in the evening to get up in the morning.

A touching incident—A physician feeling a patient's pulse.

If you let a man a loan, he will let you alone for a long time.

Essays on the sun and moon come under the head of light literature.

Where there's smoke there's some fire, and very often a poor cigar.

Old war issues—These cerulean caped overcoats. They are fast going.

No matter how much a candidate itches for office, he never likes to be scratched.

The boy who was kept after school for bad orthography, says he was spell-bound.

"That puts a different face on it!" as the boy said when his ball struck the clock dial.

Wonder if it screamed? A sporting paper says "the yacht came down on a tack!"

The man who tears another's coat down the middle should be made to pay up for back rent.

The Indian wears moccasins and has no cats, so he is just as well off without a boot-jack as with one.

We presume the axle-trees of railroad car wheels are called journals because of their rapid circulation.

"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take good care that you are not "done" by others.

A man who couldn't afford any summer wanderings, says he stayed at home and wandered in "his mind."

Honor thy wife's father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the old folks giveth thee.

The last instance known of originality in a marriage announcement, is the following: "No cards, no cake, no fuss."

The dog days are over, but with the advent of the sausage season, the canines have another terrible danger to face.

Bob Ingersoll must be a very forgiving sort of person. He is very bald, and yet he bellows loudly for women suffrage.

"Business suits," says an advertisement. So it does; and the more there is of it the better it suits, providing it is profitable.

"What is so rare as a day in June?" sings the poet. A day in January, because it is not only rare, but sometimes actually raw.

The fashion papers state that plaid ulsters will be much worn this season. That makes ours right in style, for its very much worn.

After trying vainly to start a balky mare, the driver touched her flank with a lighted cigar, saying, "I've tried all means to start her, now I'll try to back her."

A young lady the other evening kissed in the dark a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said, "It is not he, but it's nice."

One of the greatest hardships experienced by those pious people whose crimes are detected, is that public sentiment wont allow them to serve the Lord as usual.

How to plant dead-beats and corner loungers: Plant about eleven inches of boot behind them; you'll not be troubled with them to any great extent after that operation.

When the old gentleman comes home and finds his daughters have got his slippers, the easy chair and the evening paper ready for him, he realizes that it is the season for a full opening of his pocket book.

A man who fails enthusiastically to recognize what a difference there is between the touch of a woman's hand and the hand of another man, is material wasted. He ought to have been born a door-knob.

Considerate mother to governess: "Miss Smith, don't let Willie and Jennie sit down on the damp grass, for fear they should catch cold. When they are tired, you can sit down and take them on your lap."

"Johnnie, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place or thing." "Very good; give an example." "Hand organ grinder." "And why is a hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a person plays a thing."

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected a moment, and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you butted all your hair off."

"What's in a name?" said Juliet, as she brought the head of her arrow to the level of her pretty ear. "Not much certainly, love," remarked that silly fellow Romeo, as he extracted the arrow from a rosebush about ten rods to the right of the target.

A Berlin genius has invented an instrument for turning over the leaves of music. The Berlin man is a presumptuous meddler. If his machine should come into general use, what would become of the average young man in high shirt-collar? His occupation would indeed be gone.

When a man returns home after a prolonged absence he experiences a thrill of joy which causes his heart-strings to vibrate with a tender emotion; but when he gets back after a few hours' fun "with the boys," and is met at the front door by his frowning wife, his knees knock together, and he trembles all over like a tapioca pudding on an ocean steamer. Such are two of the characteristics of genuine emotion.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLE FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial disease, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate cause of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

A PEEP AT A DANISH CITY.

THERE are few pleasanter places for spending a summer holiday than Copenhagen, and those whose lot it is to reside there for a longer period find much that is at once interesting and amusing to occupy their leisure hours in Denmark. The number of tourists who annually pass through Copenhagen on their way to Norway and Sweden sufficiently attests the popularity of that capital as a halting-place.

A slight disadvantage attending a residence there, however, or at the pretty watering-places which dot the coast of the Sound from thence as far as Elsinore, is experienced from the smell of the sea-weed washed up by the brackish water, and lying exposed to the sun. This evil odor is maintained by the Danes to be neither unpleasant nor unhealthy. The general opinion of foreigners may be expressed in the word attributed to King Nebuchadnezzar concerning his grass diet:—"It may be wholesome, but it is not good." After all, perhaps, the smell of rotten sea-weed is the most agreeable that exists in the Danish capital during the summer time; but this is an unsavory subject, and need not be enlarged upon.

The visitor, shortly after his arrival in the town, usually asks for a glass of Copenhagen cherry-brandy, which he generally is unable to obtain, as it is made entirely for export, and is unknown as a retail article of drink to the Danes themselves. Foiled in his first desire, the traveler frequently endeavors to console himself by procuring a "real Danish dog." Here again he will be doomed to disappointment, as the intelligent spotted animal known in this country as the "carriage" or "Danish" dog is not found in Denmark, and is of Dalmatian race. It may be interesting to note that the rabbit does not, and apparently cannot, exist in Denmark or further north, and that no four legged donkeys are found in that country, excepting one in the Zoological Gardens of Copenhagen, which specimen is perhaps the most interesting object of the collection to the inhabitants.

The cost of living is by no means high, considering the advance in this particular that has been made by every city in Europe of late years.

The Danes mostly make a substantial breakfast about 10 A. M., and dine at 3 in the afternoon, the cravings of hunger being subsequently allayed with schnaps, beer, and slices of brown bread covered with a piece of smoked salmon or some similar delicacy. Every true Dane delights to begin the day with a basin of "olbrodsuppe," composed of black beer and cream, with slices of brown bread floating therein. It is said to be very nutritious. The strangest compound of which it ever became our lot to partake was called "Rumsuppe," and was composed of milk, rum and preserved cherries, made hot and whipped into a froth. At a dinner commencing with such a dish, it may be supposed that it was a difficult matter to choose what to drink, and the after-consequences may be imagined, but need not be described. The proverbial honesty of the Dane shows itself on the tariffs in the restaurants, where "Lafitte" figures at three francs per bottle, "Real Lafitte," fourteen francs, and so on.

The traveler must be cautioned against indulging too freely in the habit of whistling, as it is not permitted in the streets of Copenhagen. The police signal to one another by a whistle, and do not approve of the general public whistling promiscuously after nightfall. The writer had a serious altercation on this point with a native official, and it is said that an attache to the British legation was once up for the night in consequence of his persisting in riotous whistling in opposition to the police.

A curious costume is still worn by the King's "running footmen," who act as attendants at state festivities. They are dressed in a short scarlet jacket, with tight knee breeches and silk stockings and carry on their heads a tall square hat adorned with a head dress having the appearance of a large gilt flower pot filled with roses and other flowers. As these servitors are mostly old and very stout their appearance affords considerable amusement to the irreverent stranger.

Danish society is somewhat stiff and ceremonious. The native grandee, weighed down by the sense of his own importance and the insignia of the Order of the Elephant, balancing on one side the large gilt chamberlain's key which he wears on the other, calls in evening dress on the official foreigner early in the morning, and expects his visit to be returned with the like ceremonial.

The middle and lower classes also indulge in the greatest courtesy towards one another. No one enters a shop or leaves it without saluting the gentleman or lady behind the counter, and exchanging inquiries as to health, family, and general prosperity. Salutations in the streets are so frequent and profound that the brim of one's hat is soon worn out unless made of extra strength and durability.

Parties wishing to operate in Stock, in large or small amounts, will find a safe and profitable method through the undersigned. Explanations and financial paper, market reports, etc., free on application. SMALLEY & GALE, Stock Brokers 2 Broadway, N. Y.

News Notes.

The debt of England, in round numbers, is $4,000,000,000.

Scotland is buying "Russia" sheet iron made in Pittsburg.

The biggest Swedenborgian church in the world is in Boston.

The manufacture of guava jelly is the latest Florida industry.

The Jews in Jerusalem are said to have increased 5 000 in two years.

A bunch of choice ostrich feathers was recently sold for $337 a pound.

There are no less than 300 young Americans now studying art in Paris.

Over 200 barrels of water are carted through Corsicana, Texas, daily, and sold.

It is said that Hon. Schuyler Colfax has cleared $40 000 in four years as a lecturer.

Japan has fine macadamized roads, on which the bicycle is coming into high favor.

The Sheriff of Blair county, Pa., levied upon a graveyard, and advertised it for sale.

Newcastle, N. H., does not contain within its limits a single preacher, lawyer or doctor.

A unique restaurant, constructed in the form of a ship, is the latest sensation in Berlin.

Forty five thousand American house doors were shipped to England the other day on one steamer.

A digger in South Africa recently found a 94 3 4 carat diamond, and sold it on the spot for $25,000.

Large sums of Chicago capital are being invested in iron manufacturing in Western Pennsylvania.

Pocomoke City, Md., comes forward with a little negro child having one eye black and the other blue.

Within the past five years the acreage of cereals in the United States has increased from 74 000 000 to 95,000,000.

A New Haven firm has rejected an order for one hundred and forty platform cars. Too much work on hand.

A Hindoo baker in Calcutta, proud of the English he has acquired, displays the sign, "European Loafer" over his door.

Attorney-General Hardin, of Kentucky has a son who, on his 14th birthday, measured six feet in height and weighed 152¼ pounds.

Prince Bismarck's family gets into a carriage in the following order: First Bismarck, then Bismarck's dog, then Bismarck's wife.

There has been grown in Pulaski, Ky., a watermelon three inches long, an inch and a half in diameter and containing five seeds.

Great Britain it is estimated, now holds $130 000 000 of United States bonds, and Germany, France, and the rest of Europe about $70,000 000.

Oranges, lemons, olives and almonds are to be cultivated in Florida soon by a large number of Italian colonists, now on their way to that State.

Eighteen new Austrian peers have just been gazetted, but only few of them are known outside of Austria. The title of one is Baron Max Washington.

During six days lately the Midland Railway of England ran no less than 367 excursion trains, the number on one day reaching the enormous total of 113.

A French priest, while celebrating mass lately, raised a poisoned chalice to his lips, but the bad taste of the wine prevented his drinking, and saved his life.

A National School of Art Wood Carving has been established in England to revive the neglected art of carving in that country. It offers twelve free scholarships.

Recent income tax returns show that 90 persons in Great Britain, exercising trades and professions, have incomes over $250,000 and 794 between $50 000 and $250,000.

Three Italian Bicyclists have just performed the journey from Milan to Lyons in five days. The distance slightly exceeds 550 miles. They therefore traveled at the rate of 110 miles a day.

In London a great innovation has been been made in strict Sunday observance. Coffee kiosks have been established in Regent's Park, and military bands perform the selections of music.

The cost of the English elementary schools last year was $19 5.7,250. They instructed 3 154 973 children. The French elementary schools, during the same time, instructed 3,823 000, and cost $13 630 000.

At the age of eighty-two a man living in a farm house at Hampton, N. H., finds himself able to read fine print, although for 50 years he was entirely blind. Six months ago his sight suddenly returned to him.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, the enterprising piano and organ manufacturer of Washington, New Jersey, broke ground in that city on October 9th, for a mammoth new organ factory, corner Railroad Avenue and Beatty Street.

In disinfecting Memphis the National Board of Health has used 179 105 pounds of copperas, 9 000 barrels of lime, 40 barrels of sulphur, 1 215 pounds of sulphate of zinc, fifteen barrels of carbolic acid, and 1,200 gallons of zinc iron.

Archer, lately Lord Falmouth's jockey, is in the happy position of having made his fortune before he is twenty five. He is now to receive $5 000 a year as first jockey to the Duke of Westminster, and another $5,000 a year from another source.

The only safe and sure cure for Gravel or Urinary troubles, is Hop Bitters. Prove it.

Much interest has been felt at Florence at the discovery of over 200 paintings belonging to the masters of the 16th century, laid away to rot and perish in Government buildings; the authorities intend placing them in the royal gallery of the Uffizi.

Texas is thirty-five times as large as Massachusetts, or as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio and Indiana combined. The entire population of the United States could be provided for in the State of Texas, allowing each woman and child four acres of land.

A Georgia man will give $300 for a mule that wont kick.

In Districts Formerly Ravaged

By fever and ague, immunity from the dreaded scourge is enjoyed by those who have rendered their systems malaria proof with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the best preventive and remedy. Quinine cannot compare with it in efficacy, and is anything but safe. Physicians commend the Bitters for its remedial and resuscitating properties, and the closest analysis reveals nothing in the composition of a deleterious nature. It does not deteriorate, is an agreeable cordial as well as a potent medicine, and when mixed with brackish or unwholesome water neutralizes its hurtful properties. The denizens of malarious localities, not only in the United States, but the tropics, regard it as an invaluable protection, and in hosts of families it is kept constantly on hand. As the tide of emigration spreads farther westward, the demand for it among those compelled to encounter the vicissitudes of climate, constantly increases.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

THE SECRET KEY TO HEALTH.—The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, 300 pages. Price, only $1. Contains fifty valuable prescriptions, either one of which is worth more than ten times the price of the book. Illustrated sample sent on receipt of 6 cents for postage. Address, Dr. W. H. Parker, 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

We have examined a sample of the "Common Sense Hair Crimper, Frizzer and Curler," advertised in another column, and we unhesitatingly advise our lady readers to give them a trial, as they seem to be all that the advertiser claims for them.

One dessert spoonful of "Sapanule" to a tumbler of water, cures Canker Sore Mouth. Rinse mouth thoroughly and often.

A little Hop Bitters saves big Doctor bills, long sickness, suffering and perhaps death.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

BARLETT'S PILE SUPPOSITORIES

AN UNFAILING REMEDY
FOR PILES OR HEMORRHOIDS.
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE most striking point in the coming modes is the tendency towards the adoption of masculine garments. The coats, the waistcoats, hats, collars and ties are without scruple. The revers, which have hitherto been fanciful, are now cut by strict tailoring rules, and are very manly in style. Habit jackets will be universally adopted, and will be made of all materials, without exception, and even of fabrics differing from that used for the skirt. Let us suppose that we possess a skirt of damask fabric, the habit bodice will be made of velvet of the same color as the design on the groundwork, while the waistcoat may be of satin, of one of the shades of the design. With a skirt of black cashmere, or with a black costume, the waistcoat can be of plain or brocbe velvet, or the jacket of velvet, the gilet of satin, either black or colored.

Autumn toilettes are made of fancy woolen and silken fabrics, or of gray cashmere, with of course, the habit bodice. This mode is extremely economical, and allows of arrangement, and often leaves sufficient material for a waistcoat to supplement another dress. With these habit jackets very large ties are worn, of fine muslin, edged with talle point d'esprit, finely pleated in narrow rows. These ties are really too large, but then—they are fashionable.

The morning costumes will be simple, the pleated skirt and plain tunic, habit bodice; the pleats of the skirt are often basted on a foundation of cambric, and the tunic is arranged upon these, to the great economy of material. Of course an old silk dress would make a still better foundation.

Black taffle dresses for evening wear are prettily made, with tulle ornaments, while to vary this style the velvet coat is either plain, striped, or broche, with satin waistcoat, embroidered or plain, or painted by hand. For this elegant style has again returned to favor, and although it is too costly to become general, yet ribbons, and even dress materials, are to be seen adorned with beautiful hand paintings. Our artistic readers will not be slow to take this hint.

The Japanese style is gradually gaining in favor, and foulards such as might be worn by Japanese grandees, are now employed in making dresses elegant.

It is not absolutely necessary to adopt the style and costume of bygone generations, and many ladies are wearing most practical toilettes of black gros-grain with scarfs of Indian foulard in patterns of palms. The pleating bordering the skirt is headed by a band of Indian foulard, but the trimmings are arranged in such a manner that they can be very easily removed when one is tired of the palms.

Among the novelties for the early part of autumn is a beautiful material of bourre de soie, and called Turkish cashmere. Thick, and yet supple, this fabric shows all the rich and varied hues of an Indian shawl; the ground color is usually red, green, or turquoise blue and the material is chiefly used for long, tight-fitting casaquins without any trimming, the fabric itself being of too beautiful a nature to require the adventitious aid of other ornaments.

Trimmings for dresses are embroidered on the material, and are much worn; cretonne, foulard, lawn, and barege all serve as a foundation for this work, and the fine cotton materials with Indian designs have the pattern outlined with plain stitch worked in very fine gold thread. The new colors for embroidery and fabrics are lizard-green, frog-green, and rose nymphe. Blues are in all shades from Lady Montagu to cloud blue.

Habit bodices are very fashionable, and are tried in all shapes and of all periods; the most stylish are made of brocaded velvet in imitation of Genoa velvet, of plain and ribbed velvet, and of satin enriched with fine embroidery worked in iridescent crystal beads. The Prince of Wales jacket, and the Brummel and D'Orsay coats are also fashionable, and are made of very fine cloth.

Plush is also a favorite material for the present; and stylish coats are made of it to wear with skirts that are either of the same color as, or a contrast to, the plush. These coats are varied in form, but they are all more or less military in style; there is the Hussar, with short basque; the Gendarme, with plastron; and the Garde Francaise. There is also the Louis XVth style, with the coat-tails, and the trimming each side of the waistcoat; also the Merveilleuse, which in some instances resembles the Louis XVIth form, and sometimes that of the Directoire.

The Taffen coat is exceedingly pretty. It is long waisted, clings to the figure closely; its basque is round on the hips, and long at the back; it is crossed with a bandoulière, or shoulder-belt of multi colored embroidery and chenille fringe. I have seen a Taffen coat made of Florentine bronze plush, the embroidery red and old gold, and it was worn over a bronze Indian cashmere skirt, trimmed in front with plush bands, the tablier being of bronze satin, and a slight admixture of plush in the cashmere train.

A new toilette in the Louis XVIth style is another variation of La Mode. The front of the dress is of quassia-colored faille arranged in folds; the sides are long, wide, and coquettishly draped to form light paniers; they are of satin in the same shade, and the waistcoat corresponds with them; the edge of the waistcoat and of the sides falls on the tablier, and is trimmed with a lovely fringe of small beads mingled with passementerie; these goods are in the same soft shades as the satin, and are cut with diamond facets which give them an extremely brilliant appearance. The piece of satin covering half the dress is cut in a single piece, the waistcoat being marked on it without a seam; the back and sleeves are of faille. The collar is finished off with revers.

A pleasing model is a walking costume of the fashionable woolen armure, trimmed with the still more fashionable palm material, an Oriental-looding fabric. The Directorie jacket being entirely composed of the palm material, the armure skirt pleated and divided by bands of palm material, the double paniers being made of the two fabrics, and the tunic at the back as well as the hem of the dress, being edged with palm material.

A stylish mantle for wearing with light toilettes is the Diana of Tartan material, pleated at the back and with a large velvet revers falling straight in front like a stole. The Recamier mantle is of Indian cashmere lined with thin satin in a bright shade; for instance, a Recamier mantle of tete de negre cashmere is lined with carcubier satin, finished off round the neck with a pleated collarette, and round the edges with a deep pleated flounce of cashmere lined with satin, and with a satin beading.

Fancy jewelry is already employed in the shape of ornaments for bonnets, and even for dresses. Butterflies of metal will be seen on bonnets, and huge flies, locusts, etc., in the large bows of ribbon which will trim dresses for the evening. Every kind of insect is fashionable for pins, ear-rings and brooches, and the same insects of larger size will figure in the dress trimmings. There will also be worn cravats (genuine, if one can afford it). These cravats are composed of several rows of small pearls, terminating with a tassel, and are tied at the throat precisely like a cravat.

Bridal dresses are very handsome this season; they are composed of combinations of two or three fabrics, the preference being given to creamy white satin combined with brocaded satin, and trimmed with lace. Brocaded velvets and uncut velvets in brocaded stripes are for trimming satin and faille dresses. When plain white faille is selected, it requires a quantity of satin to give it the lustrous effect now in vogue. The orange blossoms are mounted as long trailing sprays that are carried down the left side of the skirt, and instead of these flowers being fastened to the bodice, they are removed to the shoulders, where they form epaulettes.

Bridesmaids' dresses are most fashionable when made of some thin white fabric, and a more youthful style than the toilet of the bride, are trimmed with bright flowers, the colors for each one being different, or two wearing the same color. The fashion of bridesmaids wearing veils still continues, but they are never as long as that worn by the bride, and are arranged at the back of the head in some graceful style.

White breton or else point d'esprit lace is gathered to stand in a very full ruffle inside the neck and sleeves of the richest dresses, or a quilling of it is put on the outside of the basque, passing behind the neck, and down each side of the front, being set back of the buttons and holes so that the edges will touch when allowed to fall in a drooping frill.

A square handkerchief fichu of white India muslin with a wide hem is worn with dark or light dresses, tied loosely around the neck, both in the house and street. There are also a variety of silk handkerchiefs for the neck. These are in gay Scotch plaids, or bright Persian colors in small palm leaves.

A startling novelty is an owl's head as a trimming for misses' round hats. The demand for owls' heads exceeds the supply. A prettier novelty is a pigeon's head hat trimming. The head is turned slightly on one side, rising from the iridescent neck and breast, and showing one ruby-colored eye with its black pupil.

The latest importations of dressed and undressed kids show the new colors and shades that appear in the new dress goods. The Burgoynes, navy blues, plums, browns, yellows, invisible deep sea greens, olives, drabs, grays, ecrus, and all the evening shades are found in every variety of tone.

The hosiery partakes of the Oriental and mediæval character of the dress goods, both in the colors and designs. The cases and counters where the richest stockings are displayed reveal as startling combinations of color and originality of design as the bizarre millinery goods. Chevron effects on the instep in two colors, with the rest of the stocking in still another color, are frequently seen, and roses and flowers are embroidered in natural colors on both dark and light grounds. One of the most striking novelties in this line is a black lisle-thread stocking embroidered with mediæval designs in gold-colored silk. At a little distance it looks as if embroidered with gold bullion thread and cords.

Fireside Chat.

MANTELPIECE DECORATION.

THE open fire has often been called the household Penates. To carry out the idea the fireplace and mantelpiece must be regarded as the shrine and altar of this domestic idol, while our efforts to decorate it in every possible way may be considered as a laudable act. It should be the prettiest point of our rooms, as it is the type of the home round which are set our dearest hopes and joys, our closest affections, our tenderest memories.

The "ingleside," or "the chimney corner," are words which have grown to have a wider meaning, and, besides their signifying the warmth and beauty of home life, they have a real material charm of their own. Who does not remember the cry of indignation which a few years ago greeted the proposition to introdube closed stoves into our rooms instead of the open fireplaces? Men might bear it though even they would sadly miss the ruddy blaze and the host of recollections it calls up. But women! what would they do if they lost not only the cheery flames and glowing depths of light which go so far to adorn even an ugly room, but their velvet mantelboards where old china shows off better than it does anywhere else, and old lace is of more value even than on a dress; their pet place for gossip; and last, but not least, a golden opportunity for the display of their taste in room decoration.

Not so very long ago, the ordinary mantelpiece decoration was of a slightly limited description; a large mirror backed the chimney piece and reflected on its burnished shield, a clock, a pair of candelabra, and two screens, interspersed in some instances with smaller ornaments. This was in the drawing room; the dining room mantelpiece varied from it in that the screens and the mirror were lacking a pair of spill-vases often replacing the former and a family portrait the latter; the clock was bronze instead of ormolu, and the candelabra were sometimes replaced by bronzes.

We have changed all that, and we have changed it a good deal for the better; new fashions in mantelpiece decorations are springing up every day. Those who can afford to go to an artistic upholsterer for their chimney piece adornments, in the shape of "over mantels," may be well nigh bewildered by the fascinating combinations of velvet, tiles, and carved wood (the latter either ebonised or stained and polished a deep lustrous olive, or painted delicate cream or green or pink, or left to its own tone of brown) with decorated and painted panels and tiles, and stamped and gilt leather. All, however, have not purses long enough to allow them to indulge in such charming extravagances; and it is to these especially I would offer a few suggestions for the decoration above their fireplaces.

If you have a wood "over mantel," it should match the woodwork of the room; thus, an Adams arrangement, painted in soft creamy tints, will not look well in a room where the doors and skirtings are black and gold, nor a carved oak one in one where all the woodwork is painted. I do not, however, like wood in a drawing room, velvet looks much better; a triple shelf of velvet, with supports and background of the same material, is a very pretty and not an expensive decoration over a drawing room or boudoir mantel-piece; the upper shelf should be narrower than the lower and they may be decked with any lace or Persian, Japanese, or Indian embroidery. The velvet should harmonize with the predominant tint of the room; but must not be of too light or bright a shade—deep olive claret or dark pea-cock are the most effective. It should be remembered that the object of these shelves is to hold ornaments and that they require a most alarming amount of bric-a-brac, so if you have not enough china, to fill them well, it will be better for you to eschew them altogether, and turn your decorative mind in another direction.

Another pretty idea, especially suitable to a boudoir, is a continuation of the mantel board in the form of a velvet screen of any share you like against the wall above; this not only makes a good background for the ornaments on the mantel-piece, but is in itself a fine field for decoration, as odds and ends of all kinds look well on it. It is a good plan to have in the middle of the screen a small painting, plaque, or a Dresden or Venetian mirror; this forms a centre, and round it you may hang all manner of things—Indian jewelry, photographs, Japanese screens, quaint fans, china plates and plaques, odd foreign beads, carved ivories, old daggers; in fact, all the thousand and one knicknacks a woman's soul delights in. These will all look well if properly arranged, so that a certain harmony shall obtain among the heterogeneous collection, and each article shall depend for part of its effect on another. If you are fortunate enough to possess small Bartolozzi prints, family miniatures, or even really good water color sketches, they will look charming sunk in such a velvet screen.

I have had several inquiries for directions to make the soft fluffy tassels so much used now as a bordering for mats, cushions, baskets and table covers. They are quite simple and are made as follows:—Cut a piece of card the depth the tassel is required to be, about 2in. is a good length. Round this wind twenty-four times the wool (which is generally crewel) of which the tassel is to be made. Then with a worsted needle pass between the work and the card at the top, and tie tightly with another piece of wool. Slip the card out, and, half an inch below, tie the same piece of wool tightly round pass the needle back to the top of the tassel, and the end is ready to sew the basket, mat, or anything else required; but before doing so with sharp scissors cut the loops in half at the lower end of the tassel, and comb the work with a coarse comb, so that it is soft and fluffy.

How to Utilize old Postage Stamps.—During a recent visit abroad I was interested in observing a somewhat artistic use for them. In a glass case in which photographs, etc., were exhibited for sale in the coffee room, I saw several saucers, cups, and plates which struck me as novel. On examination I found they were covered with old postage stamps, arranged with great effect in patterns. These were evidently gummed on the crockery first, and then varnished, so that they could be washed without detriment. The patterns were mostly produced by the higher priced English stamps, while the background was composed of common penny ones. I have often heard of common pine tables being ornamented in the same way the legs of which were stained and varnished.—M. A. B.

Folding Screen Suggestions.—I saw a lovely screen of four panels, each one worked, representing the four seasons, and thought the suggestions might be of interest to your readers: Spring was a panel of light blue, with primroses, snowdrops, violets, and curling fern fronds gracefully arranged, springing from a bank of green grass towards one side. Summer had sprays of roses, with fern and smaller flowers, and several butterflies of various hues hovering overhead. The color of the background was cream. Autumn had a tangled mass creeping upwards, of convolvuli, and leaves, blackberries and nuts, and to one side a cluster of golden corn thrown across, with a sickle peeping out. The panel was dark red. Winter, with a background of black satin, had a good-sized twig in the foreground, on which a robin sat singing. A little cottage was to be seen in the distance, and around were sprays of holly, with touches of snow everywhere. Each panel was a picture it itself, the arrangement being most artistic. The work was in silks, and the mounting in black and gold.—A Worker.

Thomas Gay and William Smith, two of the three men to whom Congress voted a special gold medal for their services in destroying the rebel ram Albemarle, met for the first time in fifteen years at a Knights Templar gathering in Manchester, N. H., one day last week. The third man is dead. Both Gay and Smith live in New Hampshire, and are the only men in the country entitled to wear that particular medal.

Answers to Inquirers.

W. H., (Phila., Pa.)—The work was issued by a New York firm in 1857. The author died at Harlem, N. Y., in 1869.

JANE M., (Clayton, Iowa.)—If the gentleman really cares to become acquainted with you he will find some means of obtaining an introduction.

LIZZIE, (Phila., Pa.)—The most suitable dress that you can wear is one of white cashmere or brilliant; of course you might wear black if you like, but it is not usual.

COMBINATION, (Stafford, Va.)—We have no personal knowledge of the reliability of the concern, and under the circumstances we think you had better not have anything to do with them.

J. F., (New York, N. Y.)—You will have to go in full evening dress to the party, of course; though if you are mourning the loss of a near relative, it would be more decorous to remain at home.

TRIPP, (Dixon, Mo.)—Them can be obtained from twenty-five cents up. Consult the advertising columns of the POST. It is against our rules to mention business houses by name in this department.

MISSIVES, (Franklin, Ind.)—Your case, as you say, is a hard one, but it is not exceptional, there are hundreds like yourself. It would be impossible to relieve adequately even a tyth of such cases.

H. S. H., (Roxborough, Pa.)—Nothing will more encourage the growth of hair upon the face than constant shaving. Shave several times a week, and the desired result will no doubt speedily follow.

ELLEN, (Seneca O.)—It would be decidedly unladylike and fast for you to try to attract the gentleman's attention in such a way; if he desires to become acquainted with you he will find some means of doing so.

ROSA, (Jasper, Ill.)—If you are really suffering from nervousness you had better consult a medical man; but if it is merely diffidence of which you complain, mix more freely in society and you will soon find it will wear off.

FRIEND, (Washington, D. C.)—She is at an age when her parents should be consulted about her callers. If you know them you can probably find out whether your visits will be welcome. If you don't, you ought to keep out of the house.

MATALIE, (Chester, Pa.)—Hold the velvet over boiling water, so that the steam passes through it from the right to the wrong side. Two persons must hold it out while it is damp, and a third should pass a hot iron over the back of it. We reply as soon as space permits.

STUDENT, (St. Louis Mo.)—Make inquiries at any of the leading bookstores in your city. They have such works on sale, or if not, will order them for you elsewhere. There are so many publications on the subject of equal merit that to mention one would appear invidious.

S. T. P., (Nicolet, Minn.)—Persons of unsound mind are all such as are deprived of reason and understanding. An idiot is a person devoid of understanding from nativity. A lunatic is one who has enjoyed the faculty of reason. The rights and duties of persons non compos mentis are necessarily limited.

REUBEN P. B., (Plaquemines, La.)—The vowel u is sounded neither thin and sharp as in use, or thick and flat, as it us. Wherever it varies from this canon of Ben Jonson, it is only by permitted usage, which, however, does not supersede the canon; therefore it is more correct to pronounce it thin and sharp as in duty, than as if the u were more akin to oo.

SONIE, (Phila., Pa.)—There are many ways by which an author may publish a book. Two of the most common are either for the author to pay all the expense of printing, binding and advertising, and the publisher to receive a commission on sales, or else for the publisher to take upon himself all the expense of work, and allow the author a percentage.

J. B. H., (Silver Springs, Fla.)—The precise date of the building of Leeds Castle, Kent, is not known. It is probably one of the very oldest buildings of the kind in England. The probabilities however are that the main part of the present structure was erected by Sir Henry Guildford, some time before Henry VIII.'s reign, although the portions attributed to him are evidently wrought upon the ruins of a still older structure. The property is now, or was some years since, owned by a gentleman named Wickham.

READER, (Snyder, Pa.)—"Cid" was the title given to Don Rodrigo Laydes, a Spanish nobleman of the eleventh century, by five Moorish gentlemen whom he had vanquished. He died at Valencia, in 1100, in the 74th year of his age. He is regarded as a model of the heroic virtues of his age, and the flower of Spanish chivalry. 2. The zodiac is an imaginary belt in the heavens, sixteen or eighteen degrees broad, in the middle of which is the ecliptic, or sun's path. It comprises the twelve constellations, which once constituted, and from which are named, the twelve signs of the zodiac.

KENTUCKY, (Livingston, Ky.)—The glass plates for cameo pictures are coated with normal collidion of the usual description, and when the film has set perfectly, but is not completely dry, the picture which has been previously trimmed and finished is dipped rapidly into alcohol and applied without delay to the plate. The prints are pressed and rubbed down with smooth writing paper, and the operation of mounting is proceeded with as soon as the backs of the pictures have become white; or in other words, as soon as the alcohol has again evaporated. The card board should be allowed to remain in water for at least half an hour previously to its being employed for mounting. The more rapidly the picture is applied and pressed upon the collidion surface, the more beautiful will be the finished result.

EDNA, (West Chester, Pa.)—Mephistopheles is a character representing Lucifer—the evil principle—in Goethe's poem of Faust, which has been translated into English by Bayard Taylor and others. We do not know the last poem written by the latter poet. Several have been published since his death, but that which came last from his pen it is impossible for us to ascertain. 2. It is usual to congratulate the married couple, if you are a guest, although but slightly acquainted. 3. Lillian is pronounced Lil-li-an, the accent on the first syllable. 4. Shelley, the English poet, was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, in Italy, during a storm in 1822. Fifteen days afterwards his body was thrown up by the waves, and in accordance with his well-known wishes was burned to a bier upon the sea shore. The remains were enclosed in an urn and buried in Rome. This will probably explain the reference to his "majestic end."

DARLING, (Franklin, Me.)—The Glove Filtration is as follows: When you wish to become acquainted, carry your gloves with the finger-tips downward; if you wish to say, introduce me to your company, use them as a fan; for saying be contented, hold them in the right hand; I wish to get rid of you very soon, bite the finger tips; yes, drop one of them; no, clench them rolled up in the right hand; I am indifferent, draw one glove half-way on the left hand; get rid of your company, fold them carefully up; follow me, strike them over the left shoulder; I love another, tap your chin with them; be careful, somebody is watching us, twirl them round the fingers; I hate you, turn them inside out; I am satisfied, hold them loose in the left hand; I wish I were with you, smooth them out gently; I am displeased, strike them over the left hand; I am vexed, put them away; do you love me, put one on the left hand; I love you, drop both of them; kiss me, put one on your right hand.

W. F. S., (Homer, La.)—We are not sure about the author of the lines, but you will probably find them in Whittier. 2. It would be impossible for us to tell you how to dress and look stylish. This will depend more upon your own taste than other circumstances. In case you cannot do without counsel in the matter, consult your relations or friends, who are no doubt able and most willing to aid you. 3. Constant cleaning and brushing the head with a stiff brush will prove beneficial. For freckles wash with lemon juice. 4. The business of "patent ironing," as it is called, can only be learned by personal experience. 5. The instrument is only in the nature of a toy, but is worth all that is asked for it. You could not use it or benefit by it, as if it were of the regular size. 6. A lady should never show her love for a gentleman until he first manifests an interest in her. If he shows her ever so little attention she may encourage him, but to take the initiative is to make a sacrifice of all modesty. She could not do any of the things you mention without making herself liable to scandal and improper remark. 7. Put no faith in the adage that "to change the name and not the letter is a change for the worse and not the better." This, and for that matter the most of such couplets, is the veriest nonsense. 8. Inquire at any bookstore. 9. The answer to this question would take up more space than is at our disposal. You will find, however, the whole subject fully treated of in the books you think of purchasing.